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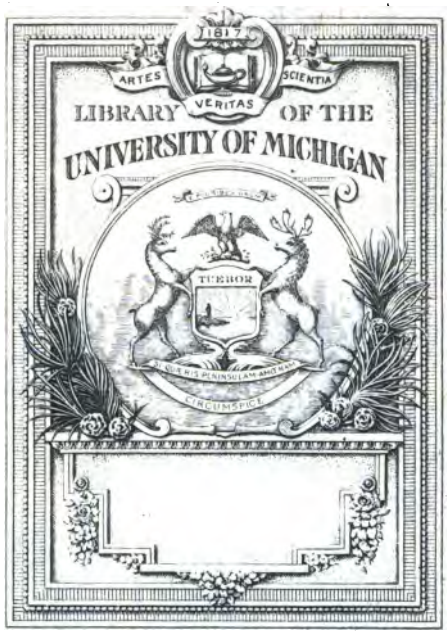
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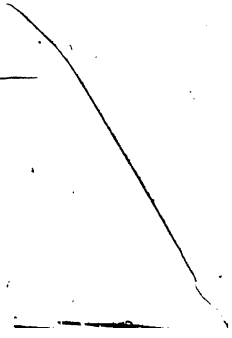

From the Author

828
S275
1803

POEMS.

POEMS,

CONTAINING

Sketches of Northern Mythology, &c.

BY

Frank SAYERS, M. D.

THE THIRD EDITION.

Norwich:

PRINTED BY STEVENSON AND MATCHETT,

FOR MESSRS. CADELL AND DAVIES, LONDON.

1803.

828
S275
1803

To Mr. W^M. TAYLOR, Junr.

OF NORWICH,

These Poems, the offering of an attachment early-formed and uninterrupted, are dedicated by his friend.

Fae. Res. Proj. #23
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DRAMATIC SKETCHES

OF

Northern Mythology.

Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?

MILTON.

PREFACE

To the Third Edition of Dramatic Sktchees of Northern Mythology.

AMONG the variety of mythological systems which have contributed at different periods to decorate the poetry of England, it is much to be lamented that we should discover only the faintest traces of the splendid and

and sublime religion of our Northern Ancestors. Mr. Gray is the only one among our more celebrated Poets who has deigned to notice the sacred fables of the Goths; he has touched them indeed with a masterly though sparing hand; yet, even the little which he has chosen to introduce, has repaid his attention, by adding to some of his more popular performances both grandeur and novelty. It is certain, however, that the most magnificent features of Scandinavian superstition have hitherto been chiefly concealed in the Sagas of Iceland, or have appeared only in the tragedies of Klopstock and a few other pieces, little known except among the Germans and Danes, to whom they

they owe their existence.* This being the case, I am tempted to publish the following Sketches, with a view of giving some slight idea of the neglected beauties of the Gothic religion, and of recommending a freer introduction of its imagery into the Poetry of the English nation.

* Although the above assertions, which I have permitted to remain as pointing out the motives for the original publication of this work, were, I believe, at the time they were written,* nearly accurate, yet it will not be improper to observe that they do not equally apply at the *present day*, when the knowledge of the Gothic Mythology and the use of it in poetical compositions have been much promoted by the productions of several living Authors of great merit.

* In 1789.

PREFACE.

It is evident that to pieces of this kind, explanatory notes must be absolutely necessary; and such were consequently introduced into the earliest edition of this little work. Since the period of its first publication I have at various times, as my inclination or reading prompted me, added to the notes originally inserted; and if, in these additions, I should occasionally have wandered into an investigation of more circumstances and minutiæ than may be deemed interesting, I have no other apology to offer for myself than that common infirmity of mind, which so readily permits us to magnify into importance the trifles of a favourite pursuit.

THE

DESCENT

OF

FREA.

A

MASQUE.

——Miſcet preces et ſupplice cantu
Novas vires poſcit.

CLAUDIAN.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Gods of the Northern nations were not, like thoſe of the Greeks, imagined to be immortal; they were exempted neither from pain nor death, and thoſe even who eſcaped both during a ſeries of ages, were at length to be deſtroyed at "The Twilight of the Gods:" till that time ſhould arrive, they were ſuppoſed to dwell in Aſgard, and to enjoy, in a ſupreme degree, thoſe luxuries and pleaſures which their uncivilized worſhippers conſidered as the moſt deſirable.

Balder,

INTRODUCTION.

Balder, the Son of Odin, was highly celebrated among the Gods for his exquiſite beauty and conſummate eloquence; his office, as a Deity, was to guide the horſe of day, called Skinfax, in his diurnal courſe, and he is therefore properly to be conſidered as the God of the Sun. The death of Balder was effected by the artifice of Lok, the moſt malicious and baneful of the Gothic Deities: Lok, however, dared not openly to deſtroy him with his own hand, but for this purpoſe he preſented a ſpear of peculiar power to another of the Sons of Odin, Hoder, who, with this enchanted weapon, unintentionally pierced his brother to the heart. As Balder fell not in battle, his ſhade, in conformity to the tenets of the Gothic religion, was ſuppoſed to deſcend to the dwelling of Hela, the Goddeſs of the infernal realms. Great was the grief in Aſgard on account of his death, and Frea*, the

* Hermod, or Herman, is the perſon ſuppoſed to have deſcended in ſearch of Balder, but ſome licence will be granted to poetical compoſitions.

Goddeſs

INTRODUCTION.

Goddeſs of Beauty, peculiarly afflicted by the loſs of her lover, reſolved to undertake a journey to his gloomy habitation, in hopes of obtaining his releaſe. This deſcent of Frea, and the ſucceſs which attended it, are the ſubjects of the following Maſque.

PERSONS OF THE MASQUE.

ODIN, God of War, and King of the other Deities.

THOR, God of the Air.

SURTUR, God of Fire.

NIORD, God of the Sea.

BALDER, God of the Sun.

LOK, an evil Dæmon.

HERTHA, Goddeſs of Fertility, and wife of Odin.

FREA, Goddeſs of Beauty.

HELA, Goddeſs of the Infernal Regions.

THE

DESCENT OF FREA.

Act 1.

SCENE:—The Infernal Regions.

BALDER.

THOU land of horror! where unyielding froſt
Piles high the mountain-ice, and dims the air
With ever-hiſſing ſleet, where piercing blaſts
Sweep on ſtorm-laden wing o'er ſolid ſeas,
Muſt Balder here for ever moan unheard?
Or pour his ſighs the ſcoff of ſhivering ghoſts
Shrill-ſhrieking

Thou land of horror!] The kingdom of Hela or Death, is deſcribed as being in a ſtate of continual darkneſs, and oppreſſed with a ſevere and perpetual winter. Noxious animals inhabited it, together with the ghoſts of perjurers, aſſaſſins, and adulterers, and of all thoſe who died not in

Shrill-ſhrieking from their caves? Muſt Balder's
ſoul
For ever ſhudder at the howl of wolves,
And ſhrink from ſcaly ſnakes that round him twine

battle, or of a violent death.* This idea of the puniſhment of the ſouls of the guilty by ſevere cold, has been admitted into certain monkiſh legends;§ and it is very remarkable that it ſhould alſo be found among the tenets of the Eſſenes.†

The howl of Wolves.] See Mallet's Northern Antiquities. Vol. ii, p. 165.

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* In order to prevent the frequent quotation of the ſame writers, I would obſerve here, that the Notes to which no authority is annexed in *this* and *the two following Pieces*, will generally be found confirmed by one or other of the following works, viz. Edda Sæmundar—Edda Reſenii—Bartholinus de Caus. contempt. mort.—Schedius de Dis Germanis.—Olaus Magnus de Gent. Septentrional—Wormii Monument. Danic.—Keyſler Antiquit. Septentrion.—and (Percy's) Mallet's Northern Antiquities.

§ See Farmer's Note in Reed's Johnſon and Steevens' Shakſpeare, (1785) vol. ii. p. 88.

† Joſephus (ſpeaking of the doctrines of this ſect with reſpect to the future ſtate of wicked ſouls), ſays,

ταις δε φαυλαις ζοφωδη και χειμεριον αφοριζονται μυχον.

De Bell. Jud. Lib. ii.

Their

Their clammy folds and point their quivering
flings?
Bright ſcenes of bliſs! farewell!—ye glittering
domes,
For ever echoing with the gladſome noiſe
Of revelry and ſong harmonious, ſeats
Of happy gods, where from the gold-tipt horn
They quaff the ſcented nectar of the bee,
And thrill with rapture, while the ſtrains of mirth
Ruſh on ſonorous wings their hall among—
No more ſhall Balder in your ſpacious courts
Catch with tranſported ſoul the ſocial joy,
And mix exulting with celeſtial bands—
Groves of Valhalla! haunts of kindred gods!
Oft have I wander'd in your flowery paths,

Ye glittering domes.] The hall of Odin; it was called Valhalla, and is thus deſcribed in Sæmund's Edda, Grimniſmal 9. "Perfacile dignoſcitur iis qui ad Odinum veniunt ædes adſpectu, haſtarum manubriis contabulatum eſt laquear, clypeis ſuperne contecta eſt domus, loricæ per ſcamna ſtratæ."—In this place the gods aſſembled, and amuſed themſelves with feaſting, drinking mead, and liſtening to muſic.

Cool'd by the ſtream of Mimer, oft I've ſought
Your thickeſt ſhade, and catch'd with eager ear
The notes which ſoftly ſtole from Braga's harp
Attun'd to love; and there the beauteous form
Of Frea blooming as the orient day
Would bluſhing meet her Balder's ſteps retir'd,
Enamour'd gaze upon my graceful limbs,
And drink the honied accents of my lips—
Then from her melting eyes the glance of love
Quick ſhot—dear ſcenes of fleeting joy, farewell!
What now avails the form that Frea lov'd?
What now avail the winning words that charm'd

Cool'd by the ſtream of Mimer.] The waters of Mimer ran through Aſgard, or the habitation of the gods; they inſpired the drinker with wiſdom, eloquence, and a poetical ſpirit.

Braga.] Braga was the god of muſic and poetry: his wife Iduna was celebrated for poſſeſſing "the apples of youth," which the deities taſted when advancing to old age, and which inſtantly reſtored them to vigour and bloom.

Frea.] Frea, or Freya, the goddeſs of beauty, was the daughter of Niord, god of the ſea.

Encircling

Encircling gods?—amid the giant-brood,
Amid the yelling ghoſts of murderers
Forlorn I dwell—no ſilver-ſounding voice
Melodious warbles to my ſorrowing ſoul,
The ſooty raven ſails around my head,
And harſhly chants her hoarſeſt deſcant here;
Ah wretch! no more the chearful light of heaven
Shall meet thy wandering eyes, for here no ray
Of morning plays with ſofteſt luſtre round,
Nor here ambroſial eve with fragant hand
Scatters her ſweets—
Thou flaming ſteed of day! whoſe golden mane
Waves in the air and pours the flood of light;
Oft have I ſprung upon thy gloſſy back
To trace the radiant path, then mounted high
The blue expanſe of heaven, and girt with beams

The giant-brood.] The giants of Froſt were inhabitants of this dreary kingdom: Rimer was their chief.

Steed of day.] The name of this horſe was Skin-fax, or Shining-locks.

Girt with beams.] Balder wore a belt in his courſe round the earth, which communicated to it light and heat.

Of

Of dazzling glory wing'd my courſe rejoicing—
Alas! how chang'd! in midnight gloom enwrapt
The lord of ſplendour groans in Hela's halls,
Hurl'd, hurl'd for ever from the blazing ſky—
And hurl'd by whom?—a much-lov'd brother's hand
Blaſted my bliſs, and daſh'd me from the height
Of joy to miſery—amid my pangs
A ſigh ſhall riſe for him—what poiſon'd darts
Of anguiſh rankle in his guiltleſs ſoul,
While ſlowly wandering from the thronged courts
He ſeeks the lonely vale, and loudly weeps
His hateful bloody deed.—Ye cruel maids,
When firſt ye 'gan to weave my woof of fate,
Ye dy'd it with the roſeate hues of ſpring—

Ye cruel maids.] The Fatal Sifters, or Nornies; they were three in number. Urd, who preſided over the paſt, Verandi, over the preſent, and Schulda, over the future. They were ſuppoſed to weave for every human being a woof on which his fate depended.—An account of the temples of the Fatal Sifters, and of the mode of conſulting them, may be found in Olaus Magnus, De Gent. Septentrion. Lib. 3, cap. 10.

At length the raven croak'd—with joy ye ſnatch'd
The cords of woe, and dipp'd the unfiniſh'd web
Deep in the pitchy water of deſpair.—
O thou! who ſitt'ſt upon thy ſhining throne
Array'd in ſplendour! Odin, Odin! hear
The ſorrows of a ſon, and turn thine eye,
Moiſt with paternal grief, from ſcenes of glory,
Pierce through the thickeſt horrors which ſurround me,
Extend thy daring arm and drag thy child
From caves of darkneſs to thy beamy hall—
Father, I aſk in vain—it is not thine
To break the harſh decrees of Fate unchanging,
But Balder, wretched Balder here muſt mourn
For endleſs years—What flickering ray of light
Shoots from on high? What wafted perfume ſcents
The duſky air? Some pitying god deſcends
To viſit theſe ſad ſcenes—'Tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe!—

FREA. *(Entering.)*

Where is the lovely god that Hoder tore
From Frea's fond embrace?—Again I'm near him,

Again

Again my tear-worn eyes behold my Balder,
Yes, ſon of Odin, from the ſtarry realm
Above, I come to ſeek thy black abode,
The mourning gods ſtalk ſilent in their groves—
Without thee heaven itſelf is miſery—
The fiery horſe of Odin bore me hither,
Nine days his rapid feet unceaſing ſcour'd
A meaſureleſs extent of vallies dark;
At length the foaming tide of Giall ſtopp'd him,
High o'er its waves a lofty bridge aroſe
On golden pedeſtals a ſteel-clad warrior
For ever guards its entrance.—Who art thou,
He cried aloud, thus haſtening to the halls
Of gloomy death? No livid paleneſs ſtains

The fiery horſe of Odin.] The name of Odin's horſe was Sleipner; he was ſuppoſed to have had eight feet, and was celebrated for his wonderful ſwiftneſs.

Nine days.] The particulars of this deſcent are chiefly taken from Mallet's Northern Antiquities. Vol. II.

Tide of Giall.] Giall was the name of the river which ſeparated the earth from the infernal regions.

The

The roſes of thy cheeks, no deadly dimneſs
Damps the keen luſtre of thoſe eyes that flaſh
With living fire, thou art no child of Hela—
Away, I anſwered, 'tis a goddeſs haſtes
To Hela's halls—I laſh'd my ſnorting ſteed—
With thundering hoof he ſpurn'd the rocking pile,
Nor ſtopp'd till Hela's iron gates forbade
His eager ſteps; then, like a flaming ſtar,
He ſhot aloft in air and bore me ſwift
Above the towering walls.—I tremble ſtill.

BALDER.

Ah! fear not Frea—

FREA.

Had this arm the power
To force thee upward from the cave of death,
Then would eternal joy reward my toil—
But Hela's iron chains no hand can break
Againſt her pleaſure, and her haughty ſoul
Joys in the anguiſh of the tortur'd ghoſt.

BALDER.

And can that winning form entreat in vain?
Can Hela hear unmov'd thy ſuppliant voice?
No, Frea, no, upon thy roſy lips
Perſuaſion ſits reſiſtleſs—haſte, accoſt her.

FREA.

Come from thy murky cells,
Where midnight darkneſs dwells,
Thou dreadful maid;
Come from thy chilly halls.—
The weeping Frea calls,
And ſeeks thy ſaving aid.

HELA. *(From within.)*

Hence, hence, away;
No ſoothing charms
From Hela's arms
Shall ſnatch her prey.

FREA.

By Allfather's ſacred head,
Which bowing ſhakes the lofty ſky,
And regions of the dead;
By the holy Aſh which rears
Its waving honours high,
I charge thee, awful pow'r,
To quit thy gloomy bow'r
And yield to Frea's tears.

HELA. *(Entering.)*

Hence to the fields of air—
Hence, goddeſs, quick depart,
Nor think the lover's prayer
Will bend my iron heart.

Allfather's ſacred head.] Allfader, or *Father of all*, was one of the titles of Odin.

The holy aſh which rears.] The ſacred aſh of an immenſe ſize which grew in the city of the gods was called Hydraſil; ſeated under its ſhade, Odin adminiſtered juſtice;—one of its roots pierced to the dwelling of the Fates.

FREA.

Deep in thy miſty caves my Balder lies;
Alas! how wither'd by the touch of woe!
Dim is the luſtre of his fading eyes,
And ſullen ſadneſs marks his manly brow.

Quick through his frame divine chill langours ſhoot,
The boaſted roſes of his cheeks are pale,
The ſoothing tongue of eloquence is mute,
O let his tears, his frequent ſighs avail.

Come, gentle Pity, come unwonted gueſt,
And ſpeed thy haſty flight to Hela's cave,
Then ſmiling hover o'er her melting breaſt,
And teach her yielding heart to feel and ſave.

And can'ſt thou, Hela, ſee with ruthleſs look
The faireſt form that wails along thy ſhore?—
Tear the black leaf from Fate's unerring book,
The grief-worn Balder to my arms reſtore.

Together

Together let us climb the burning arch,
Which darts aloft its many-colour'd light,
Together let us ſpeed the rapid march,
And quit, for ever quit, the land of night.

Yield, Hela, yield; Valhalla's mournful courts
No longer echo with the jocund ſound,
The joyleſs gods diſdain their wonted ſports
And ſorrow caſts her darkeſt ſhadows round.

Since Balder ſunk untimely to the tomb,
Dim are the lingering beams of riſing day,
The pale moon ſteeps her ſilver orb in gloom
And ſickly nature doffs her bright array—

HELA.

Frea, no more,
When all the gods of nature lave
With briny tears thy Balder's grave,
Then Balder I reſtore;

The burning arch.] The Rainbow; called by the Goths Bifroſt, and ſuppoſed to burn. It was accounted the bridge from earth to heaven.

Yes,

Yes, by Allfather's ſacred head,
If all the gods of nature lave
With briny tears thy Balder's grave,
Again the courts of heaven ſhall echo to his tread.
Hence, away.

FREA.

Enough, enough, I mount with ſpeed,
And laſh my winged ſteed
To realms of day.

END OF ACT I.

Act II.

SCENE.—Valhalla.

The Gods assembled in Odin's Hall.

ODIN.

WELCOME, fair Queen of Love, to Odin's hall.
Say, haſt thou mov'd the ſtubborn ſoul of Hela,
By ſoft perſuaſion and reſiſtleſs ſighs,
To yield the much-lov'd Balder back to light?

FREA.

Great king of gods and men, the only boon
That Hela granted to my ſorrowing ſoul
Was this; when all the gods of nature weep
The briny tear on hapleſs Balder's grave,

Then

Then from the dreary clime of ghoſts he comes
To grace Valhalla's halls; but golden hope
Has not yet fled the woe-worn Frea's boſom;
Still may the words of grief entice the tear
From pitying gods, and ſnatch from Hela's arms
Her ſplendid prey.—

(Continues addreſſing Odin.)

Chief of warriors, king of might,
Clinging to thy ſable ſteed,
And daſhing thro' the fight,
Thou ſmil'ſt when thouſands bleed:
Coucher

Chief of warriors.] Odin was the chief of the Gothic deities, and the god of war; he adminiſtered juſtice in heaven, and was acquainted with futurity by means of a raven which was ſent to him by Schulda, one of the Fates. His commands were uſually executed by the ſeven Valkyries* who attended upon his table, and ſelected thoſe in

* Theſe inferior Goddeſſes or Dæmons were alſo denominated *Dyſer*, (Runic) or *Dyſæ*, hence our word *Deuſe* for Devil. See a paſſage quoted in Parkhurſt's Hebrew Lexicon, (3d Edit.) p. 164.

Coucher of the ponderous ſpear,
Thou ſhout'ſt amid the battle's ſtound—
The armed Siſters hear,
Viewleſs hurrying o'er the ground
They

in battle who were doomed to die. He often condeſcended, it was thought, to intermix in the conflict himſelf, to inflame the fury of the warriors, and to ſtrike thoſe who were to periſh.†

Of the hiſtory of Woden or Odin, the reputed founder of the Gothic Mythology, nothing is known on which we can place any firm reliance. Some writers are diſpoſed to make a diſtinction between Woden, the God of War, and Odin, the Chief of the Aſæ, and to fix the apotheoſis of the former at a much earlier period than that in which the latter flouriſhed; and it ſhould ſeem that this diſtinction muſt be neceſſarily admitted, if we adopt the opinion entertained by Sir William Jones, that Woden is no other than the Buddh of India, or the Fo of the Chineſe.‡ An attempt again has been made to prove, from a reſemblance between the coſmogony of the
Edda

† Mallet's Northern Antiquities, and Verſtegan's Decayed Intelligence.

‡ Aſiatic Reſearches, Vol. i. (4to.) p. 425. It is much to be regretted that Sir Wm. Jones has not entered at large into the proofs of this opinion; with the higheſt reſpect for the authority

They ſtrike the deſtin'd chiefs and call them
to the ſkies.
Lo! from Schulda's miſty towers
On jetty wing the raven flies
And bears the deeds of future hours;

To

Edda and that of Meliſſus of Samos, § that Odin had viſited Samos, and thence derived his doctrines: this celebrated character however ſeems to be more generally allowed to have been the Chief of the Aſæ, (the inhabitants of a territory bordering on the Mæotis) and to have fled with his followers into Sweeden at the time in which Mithridates yielded to the arms of Pompey;‖ but of the

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of this moſt accompliſhed man, I may be permitted to obſerve, that upon a very careful compariſon of the doctrines of Buddh and of Odin, I have been ſtruck by ſuch various and remarkable differences in them, that I cannot readily give my aſſent to the aſſertion that theſe ſyſtems are the production of the ſame perſon; it appears to me however very probable, that Odin may have received *ſome* of his tenets from the followers of Buddh; as, beſides other ſlighter reſemblances which may be traced between the Gothic and *ancient* Hindu Mythologies, we find in the latter an account of a place of future puniſhment *extremely cold*, a *ſacred tree* of an immenſe ſize, (the Hydraſil of the Goths) and a claſs of Spirits denominated *Loka*, from which the idea and name of the Gothic *Lok* may poſſibly have been borrowed.

§ See the opinions of this Philoſopher in Diogenes Laertius.

‖ Richardſon's Diſſertation on the Eaſtern Nations, p. 117, (8vo.)

truth

To thee he haſtes—in ſolemn ſtate
Thou read'ſt the dread commands of fate
To liſtening deities;
Say, is it doom'd no parents tear
Shall wet thy Balder's ſable bier?
Wilt thou not weep thy child forlorn,
Thy blooming child by Hela torn
From halls of bliſs
To caves of dark deſpair?
Yes, Odin, yes,
I mark the guſhing drops which ſtain
A father's cheek,
Thoſe guſhing drops thy anguiſh ſpeak,
Balder ſhall live again
And cleave the realms of air.

truth of this opinion alſo (which reſts *chiefly* upon the authorities of Snorro, an ancient Norvegian Hiſtorian, and his commentator Torfæus) Mallet expreſſes a great diſtruſt; and ſome writers go ſo far as to deny the exiſtence of Odin altogether, except as a mythological perſon.

In whatſoever obſcurity however the hiſtory of the Father of the Gothic Mythology may be enveloped, the moſt convincing evidence has been adduced to prove that the *Goths* were originally a *Scythian* tribe.

ODIN.

Odin drops the tear,
To wet thy Balder's bier.

FREA. *(Addreſſing Hertha.)*

Queen of the fertile earth,
Whoſe all creative-hand
Firſt gave the ſons of man their birth;

Queen of the fertile earth.] Hertha was the wife of Odin, and the goddeſs of fertility. The following account of her feſtival is given us by Tacitus in his admirable treatiſe, de Moribus Germaniæ:—"Herthum, id eſt Terram Matrem colunt, eamque intervenire rebus hominum, invehi populis arbitrantur: eſt in inſula oceani caſtum nemus, dicatumque in eo vehiculum veſte contectum: attingere uni ſacerdoti conceſſum: is adeſſe penetrali deam intelligit, vectamque bubus feminis multa cum veneratione proſequitur: læti tunc dies; feſta loca, quæcumque adventu hoſpitioque dignatur; non bella ineunt; non arma ſumunt; clauſum omne ferrum; pax et quies tunc tantum nota, tunc tantum amata; donec idem ſacerdos ſatiatam converſatione mortalium deam templo reddat; mox vehiculum et veſtes, et ſi credere velis, numen ipſum ſecreto lacu abluitur. Servi miniſtrant; quos ſtatim idem lacus haurit; arcanus hinc terror ſanctaque ignorantia, quid ſit illud quod tantum perituri vident."

De Moribus German. 40.

And

And ſcatter'd o'er the deſert land
The painted flower, the budding tree,
The billowy crops of yellow grain,
Peopled every teeming plain,
And fill'd with life the reſtleſs ſea;
Whene'er thy ſtately form appears
On mortal ſhore,
No war nor battle's din,
Is heard thy realms within;
No more the armed ſoldier rears
The tined lance,
And ſpurs the ſteed no more.—
Before thy veiled car the roſy Pleaſures dance,
Balmy odours round thee play
Richer verdure dyes thy way,
Double glory gilds the day.
Say, Hertha, wilt thou drop the tear,
On youthful Balder's ſable bier?

HERTHA.

Hertha drops the tear,
To wet thy Balder's bier.

FREA.

FREA. *(Addreſſing Thor.)*

God of the wandering air,
Whoſe forked flaſhes tear
The pine high-towering on the mountain-ſide;
Who joy'ſt o'er ſhaking rocks to guide
The thunder's fiery courſe;
Who bidſt thy dark clouds pour
The vaſt and whelming ſhower
And ſwell the torrent's force.
God of ſtorms, when levelling hail,
When hollow-roaring whirlwinds fail,
Sweeping o'er the valley's pride,
Rolling high the weltering tide,
Thou ſpeak'ſt—thy potent voice diſarms
The tempeſt's rage:—thy genial calms,
Thy ſultry gales, and foſtering dew
Cloath the waſted earth anew.
God of the iron-mace,
Which tames the giant-race,

God of the wandering air.] Thor, the god of weather; —with a mace he ruled the giants of froſt, and with his iron gauntlet he hurled the thunder.

Say,

Say, wilt thou drop the pitying tear
On youthful Balder's ſable bier?

THOR.

Thor ſhall drop the pitying tear,
And wet thy Balder's ſable bier.

FREA. *(Addreſſing Surtur.)*

King of reſiſtleſs fire,
Who bidſt the nightly meteors ride
Along the ſnow-wrapt Hecla's ſide—
Who wieldſt aloft with mighty hand
The burning, ſtarry-pointed brand,
And dazzled hoſts retire;
Where'er thy furious courſe is ſped,
Nature bows her wither'd head:
Thy fatal car outſtrips the wind,
Thy courſers' ſcorching noſtrils breathe
A wide conſuming ſteam beneath—
Deſtruction flies behind;

King of reſiſtleſs fire.] Surtur was the chief of the ſpirits of fire; his dwelling was called *Muſpelheim:* he poſſeſſed a ſword of flame, at the end of which was a ſun.

She rears her red right hand
And with her flaming beſom ſweeps the blaſted land.—
Say, Surtur, wilt thou drop the tear
On youthful Balder's ſable bier?

SURTUR.

Surtur drops the tear,
To wet thy Balder's bier.

FREA. *(Addreſſing Niord.)*

Lord of the boundleſs deep,
Whoſe murmuring waters gently ſwell
And kiſs the craggy ſteep;
When thunders burſt around,
And tempeſts yell,
Thy heaving plain repeats th' appalling ſound,
Thy frothy ſurges riſe
And laſh the darken'd ſkies,
Thy rapid eddies wheel with fleeter motion;
Then by the lightning's livid glare,
Thou ſtalk'ſt ſerene thro' murky air,
Which ſhrouds the raging ocean;

But

But ſoon the ſmouldering thunders ceaſe,
Soon the winged tempeſts flee,
Thor in breezes whiſpers peace,
Sun-beams gild the ſinking ſea.—
O'er its white brim on calming wing
The heitre play'd—
And ſtillneſs hover'd on the gales of ſpring—
When Braga touch'd the quivering ſtring,
And ſlowly ſtray'd
To Niord's ſhore;
On its ſhining ſurface ſtood
The father of the flood,
He bade the bard celeſtial pour
His ſofteſt notes—
The melting muſic floats
Upon the charmed wave—
Come from thy dewy cave,
My father cries,
Ariſe, ariſe,
Let the azure waters lave

The heitre.] A bird of calm; the *halcyon* of the North.

Thy ſnowy limbs and golden hair—
He ſpake, and Frea roſe to realms of air.—
Then Niord claſp'd me to his breaſt
And all the parent's pride confeſt;
Now will my father's heart diſdain
To eaſe his daughter's piercing pain?
Or wilt thou drop the pitying tear,
On youthful Balder's ſable bier?

NIORD.

Niord drops the tear,
To wet thy Balder's bier.

FREA. *(Addreſſing Lok.)*

God of the nether world,
Whoſe deadly arrow hurl'd
The youthful Balder to the caves of night,
O, let not Shulda write
His everlaſting doom;
O let not Balder's tomb
For ever ſtand,
But ſnatch with pitying hand
From Hela's curs'd abode
The fallen god;

Revive,

Revive, revive his wither'd charms,
And give him back to Frea's arms.
Drop, O Lok, the pitying tear
On youthful Balder's ſable bier.

LOK.

Away, away,
Lok ne'er will weep—
Let Hela keep
Her ſplendid prey.

FREA.

By the raven's ſong of death,
By the night-mair's baneful breath,
By the glutted vulture's ſcream,
By the tomb-fire's lurid gleam,

By the night-mair's.] This word, generally, tho' improperly ſpelt *mare*, is the plural of (the Saxon) *mai*, a maid:—the Fates were ſo called.

The tomb-fire's lurid gleam.] A faint flame, always viſible in the night, was believed by the Goths to hover over the tombs of thoſe with whom enchanted weapons, or treaſures, had been buried.

By the mighty ſerpent's blood,
By the roar of Giall's flood,
By the war-hounds' fatal yell,
By all the horrors of thy hell,
I charge thee weep the briny tear
On youthful Balder's ſable bier.

LOK.

No—tho' Valhalla's towering wall
Around theſe ſinewy limbs ſhould fall,
Tho' Skinfax plunge his flaming head
Amid the caverns of the dead,
Tho' Surtur aim his fiery dart
And heap his flames around my heart,

The mighty ſerpent's.] Midgard.—See the death-ſong in Moina.

Giall.] See above.

The war-hounds.] Garm, the dog of Hela, was the moſt noted of theſe dogs: he was fed with the corſes of the ſlain, and guarded the ſouls of the cowardly in the infernal regions.

Skinfax.] See above.

Tho'

Tho' Niord's foaming main ſhould roar,
And daſh me lifeleſs on the ſhore;
Tho' Thor ſhould hurl his iron mace
And ſtain with gore this hated face;
Tho' Odin's ſelf in wrath ſhould rear
His golden ſpear
And ſhining ſhield,
This ſtubborn heart ſhall never yield,
Hela ſhall hold her ſplendid prey
While countleſs ages roll away.

THE END.

MOINA.

A

TRAGEDY.

Ολ⟨Θ⟩———νυν δε τη δ' ημερᾳ

Στεναγμος, 'ατη, θανατος——

SOPHOCLES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE ſtory of the following Tragedy is fictitious; the event may, without impropriety, be ſuppoſed to have happened on the coaſt of Ireland, which the Northern Nations were accuſtomed to plunder before its converſion to Chriſtianity. The Greek form of dramatic writing has been adopted, as affording in its chorus the moſt favourable opportunity for the diſplay of mythological imagery. Rhyme has not been uſed in the Odes, both becauſe it was leſs conformable to the model imitated, and becauſe it appeared unneceſſary, if not prejudicial in this ſpecies of poetry.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

MOINA, } Celts.
CARRIL, }

Chorus of Bards.

Meſſengers.

SCENE.—A Caſtle in the poſſeſſion of Harold.

MOINA.

MOINA.

FULL fifty nights have caſt their gloom around me
Since firſt the hated Saxon tore me trembling
From parents, kindred, and a much lov'd land—
Yet loſs of parents, kindred, and my country
Scarce move a ſoul oppreſt with keener grief;
In the loud ſtrife of arms, in fields of blood,
My Carril fiercely fighting for his Moina
Fell—fell by Harold's arm, and ſmiling hope
For ever fled my breaſt—here, here he lives,

Nights.] The Goths reckoned certain ſhort periods of time by *nights:* hence our expreſſions fort'night, ſe'nnight.

And while my eyes behold this hated light
He ſtill ſhall live, and ſtill with ſullen pleaſure
I'll dwell on other times, when all was hope,
When all was love and joy—accurſed beauty!
Would that the god of Fura's ſacred wood
Had wither'd this fair form—the Saxon then
Had ſeen and hated me.—Wife?—Harold's wife?—
Yes—'tis a murderer's arm embraces me,
A murderer calls me his, the murderer
Of Carril!—Would this hand——
But hark! the ſound of ſong, the daily greeting
Of aged bards.—

MOINA.

Fura's ſacred wood.] See a ſubſequent note concerning the Celtic worſhip of gods of woods.

Bards.] The *bards*,* or as they ought rather to be denominated

* Although the word *bard* (as appears from Evan's Specimens of Welch Poetry, and from Owen's Welch and Engliſh Dictionary) is undoubtedly *Celtic*, yet I have the leſs heſitated to ſubſtitute this term to the unfamiliar one *Scald*, becauſe the Romans and Greeks, having adopted it into their reſpective languages, uſe it indiſcriminately to expreſs either a *Celtic* or a *Gothic* minſtrel; thus Tacitus (de. morib. German. III.) calls the German or *Gothic* war-ſong

MOINA, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Hail to her whom Frea loves,
Moina, hail:
When firſt thy infant eyes beheld
The bluſhing beam of orient day

Frea

nominated the *Scalds*,† were poets and muſicians, who conſtantly attended the Gothic chieftain both in war and peace; their art was held in the higheſt eſtimation; their perſons were deemed ſacred; and they were every where loaded with careſſes, honours, and rewards.‡ The poems of

war-ſong *Barditum*; while Athenæus and Diodorus Siculus on the other hand denominate the Celtic poet βαρδος. Even the old monkiſh writers in Britain (as Geoffery of Monmouth, and William of Malmeſbury) confound the above mentioned claſſes of men under a common title; a circumſtance ſomewhat extraordinary.

† This word denotes a ſmoother or poliſher of language.—"Scalld a depilando dicti videntur quod rudem orationem tanquam evulſis pilis perpoliunt."—Torfæi Præfat. ad Orcad. Hiſt. See too Bartholinus de caus. contempt. mortis.

‡ Olaus Wormius Lit. Danic, p. 195, ed. 4th.—Percy's Preface to his Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.—The munificence ſhewn to the minſtrels, or ſucceſſors of the Scalds and Bards, appears from the learned author above mentioned to have been undiminiſhed, or rather perhaps to have arrived at its higheſt pitch, in

Frea from Valhalla's groves
Mark'd thy birth in ſilent joy;
From Valhalla's groves ſhe ſent

of theſe men were called *Vyſes;* they were chiefly of a warlike caſt, and it is aſſerted that not leſs than an hundred and thirty-ſix different kinds of meaſure had been introduced into them;§ *alliteration* was much uſed and eſteemed by the Scalds; rhyme they attended to leſs, yet ſome ſpecimens of their rhymed poetry have been collected, which are executed with great accuracy.‖

The verſes of the Scalds were uſually ſung to the harp or Cithara.¶

in the middle ages. Rigordus (de Geſtis Philippi Aug. an. 1185) obſerves, "Cum in curiis regum ſeu aliorum principum frequens turba Hiſtrionum convenire ſoleat, ut ab eis *aurum, argentum, equos, veſtes* extorqueant, &c." from Froiſſart we learn, that the Earl of Foix gave to the Duke of Touraine's minſtrels, gowns of *cloth of gold*, furred with ermine, valued at two hundred Franks.—Fauchet alſo bears teſtimony to the great liberality ſhewn to the minſtrels on the continent.—Similar rewards were laviſhed upon them in our own country at about the ſame period, for Johannes Salisburienſis (in the time of Henry II.) declaims againſt theſe practices no leſs than the foreign monks.

§ Blair's Critical Diſſertation on the Poems of Oſſian.

‖ Five pieces of Runic Poetry.

¶ This cuſtom long prevailed in England.—See Bede's Hiſt. Eccles. Angl. Lib. 4, c. 24.——It is remarkable enough (as is noticed by Percy) that the word *cantare* in the paſſage of Bede, referred to above, ſhould have been tranſlated by King Alfred "ſing *to the harp*," as if his countrymen had no idea of ſinging unaccompanied by that inſtrument.

The

The ſwift-wing'd meſſenger of love,
Bearing in her roſy hand
The gold-tipt horn of gods;
From this thy lips imbib'd
The draught of mead divine,
Thro' thy tender frame diſtilling
It form'd thy ſnowy limbs to grace,
It gloſs'd thy raven hair,
Illum'd thy ſparkling eyes,
And fluſh'd thy cheek with crimſon hues
Unfading.
Hail to her whom Frea loves,
Moina, hail.

MOINA.

Ye venerable men, my grief-worn ſoul

Meſſenger of love.] Gna is the name of Frea's meſſenger; Fulla and Noſſa were the two other Graces who attended the Venus of the North.

Mead divine.] The beverage of the Northern deities.

Scarce

Scarce heeds your ſalutation: child of ſorrow
The ſoothing voice of flattery paſſes by me,
Like feeble gales which fan a warring hoſt,
Unnotic'd.—Is your chief return'd?

CHORUS.

As yet
No meſſenger of victory has reach'd us.

MOINA.

To ſlay, to conquer, theſe are Harold's pleaſures,
To ſtain his dark blue ſteel with human gore;
Cannot the glad repaſt, the ſong of bards,
The vigor-giving chace, the ſolemn council,
Withdraw the ſavage hero from the battle?
No—theſe are vain.—To ſhed the blood of thouſands,
To ſtrew the reeking plain with ſons and brothers,
To cleave the father's and the lover's breaſt,
Theſe are the only joys a Saxon feels.—

God

God of my fathers, ſtrike the fell deſtroyers,
Blunt, blunt their ſteel, benumb their hardy
ſinews,
Pour out their tide of life, that peace again
May bleſs my country.

CHORUS.

E'en the gods themſelves,
Who dwell above in happineſs and glory,
Delight in ſhining arms and fierce encounter;
From fair Valhalla's courts they ruſh with joy
To meet each other with their brandiſh'd blades,
And mix in ſportive fight; when battle tires,
Again they ſeek the feaſt, and quaff again
From gold-encircled horn the amber mead.
Such is their happy life; and can'ſt thou wonder
That man ſhould imitate the gods? that man

E'en the gods themſelves, &c.] Edda Sæmundar. Vaf-thrudniſmal xii.

Should

Should laugh at fear, and boldly die to claim
A ſeat of joy?

MOINA.

So may Valhalla's halls
Be quickly fill'd with ſouls of fallen Saxons!—
Thou unſeen power, who in my country's woods
In awful ſilence dwell'ſt, whom trembling Druids
With hallow'd rites invoke, ariſe, ariſe,

A ſeat of joy.] To mix with the warlike deities of the North, to enjoy the feſtivity of *Valhalla*, and to quaff ale and mead from the ſculls of their enemies, were the rewards which the Scalds promiſed to the brave in a future ſtate.

Thou unſeen power, &c.] The religious rites of the Celts were uſually performed in the receſſes of deep woods; the deity of the place was often the object of their adoration, and having no image of him, they ſeem to have conſidered him as repreſented by the ſacred grove itſelf in which he was worſhipped.

——— nemora alta remotis
Incolitis lucis—

Ipſe ſitus, putrique facit jam robore pallor
Attonitos.—

——— pavet ipſe ſacerdos
Acceſſus, dominumque timet deprendere luci.
Lucan. Pharſal. Lib. 1 et Lib. 3.

And

And wing the well-aim'd dart to Harold's
boſom—

CHORUS.

Beware, nor call the vengeance of thy gods
Upon a huſband's head; ſhould Harold fall
With pain I ſee what follows:—

MOINA.

What can follow?
What keener woes than thoſe I know already?
A breathleſs lover and an aged parent
In ſorrow ſinking to the narrow houſe?
The breaſt of Moina fears no greater anguiſh.

CHORUS.

No more—our words diſtreſs thee.

MOINA.

Fare ye well.

CHORUS.

King of gods on ſhining throne,
Thou, who with a ſingle glance
Pierceſt Nature's wide extent,
Thou, who from the ſpring of Mimer
Quaffeſt liquid lore divine,
Odin, hear.

King of gods, whom Hydraſil
With ſacred ſhadow veils,
Whilſt around thee ſit cœleſtials,
Whilſt beneath thee Fates attend,
Odin, hear.

King of men, who dealeſt triumph
Brave in battle, brave in death,

On ſhining throne.] *Lidſkialfa* was the name of Odin's throne, whence the whole world was ſuppoſed to be viſible to him.

Hydraſil.] See above, p. 21.

Gaſh'd

Gaſh'd with gory wounds,
In agony thou ſmil'ſt;
King of men, whoſe dark blue ſteel
No foe unconquer'd ſaw,
Soon his heart's blood ſmok'd around,
Soon his daunted ſpirit fled,
Odin, hear.

In Harold's breaſt thy valour pour,
String his nerves, his looks inflame,
Direct his brawny arm to fling
The darts of death around,
In the tempeſt of the battle
Throw thy ſhield of ſafety o'er him,
Protect him with thy mighty hand,
And ſend him back with victory.

Gaſh'd with gory wounds.] Odin, whilſt he was yet on earth, is recorded to have ſtabbed himſelf at an advanced period of age in nine different places. The Gothic nations eſteemed it diſhonourable not to die a violent death.

But

But ſhould the Fatal Siſters mark
Our chieftain's ſoul to grace thy halls,
Should the keen arrow pierce his ſide
And Harold periſh in the fight,
When death ſhall numb his ſinewy limbs,
When his bent knees ſhall tottering fail,
When ſhades of night ſhall gloom his eyes
And ſinking nature yield,
Then may no groan of woe eſcape
Our hardy chieftain's fainting lips,
Then may no writhing pang diſtort
The dying hero's face;
Joyful to fall in fields of blood
To him may death's cold ſteel be welcome,
And may he laughing die.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

CARRIL, *in the habit of a Bard.*

CARRIL. *Aſide.*

Under the cover of theſe ſacred garments,
A ſure protection from the hand of inſult,
I yet may hope to find my much-lov'd Moina;
Since firſt my wounded limbs would bear me on
I've vainly wander'd; many a ſtately caſtle
Has hoſpitably cheer'd my fainting body,
But on my mind forlorn no gleam of joy
Hath yet ariſen—perhaps within theſe walls—
Ah no—my tortures muſt not finiſh yet—
Would that the pious hands which found me bleeding
'Midſt heaps of ſlain, had left me there to periſh,
Then had the long calm ſleep of death oppreſt me,
Nor had I wak'd to anguiſh—

CARRIL.

CARRIL, *turning to the Chorus.*

Aged Bards
Have pity on me, take me to your halls,
Weary and faint I aſk ſome ſlight relief,
Shut not your doors againſt a hapleſs man.—

CHORUS.

Accurſt be he who 'gainſt the ſuppliant ſtranger
Shall bolt his maſſy iron gates, unmindful
Of miſery's voice.—Theſe halls have ever offer'd
Food and repoſe to way-worn travellers.

CARRIL.

I thank ye venerable men—but ſay,
What warlike chieftain calls this caſtle his?

Your hoſpitable halls.] An unbounded hoſpitality was one of the moſt prominent and amiable features in the character of our Northern anceſtors. "Quemcunque mortalium arcere tecto nefas habetur; pro fortuna quiſque apparatis epulus excipit. Cum defecere, qui modo hoſpes fuerat, monſtrator hoſpitii et comes, proximam domum non invitati adeunt; nec intereſt, pari humanitate accipiuntur. Notum ignotumque, quantum ad jus hoſpitii, nemo diſcernit." Tacitus de Mor. German. 21.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

'Tis Harold's caſtle, urg'd by reſtleſs valour
He quits his home and ſeeks the claſh of arms.

CARRIL.

And his fair wife laments her abſent lord?

CHORUS.

His fair wife weeps, but not for his return;
Another cauſe of woe has ſhrunk her form,—
She weeps her home.

CARRIL.

Her name?

CHORUS.

Her name is Moina.
Why does the red-blood haſten from thy cheek,
The cold dew damp thy face? thy ſhaking knees
Can ſcarce ſupport thee.—

CARRIL.

CARRIL. *(After a pauſe.)*

'Tis a ſudden fainting,
With tedious ſteps oppreſs'd this weakly frame
Sinks under me.

CHORUS.

Retire and take refreſhment.

SEMI-CHORUS.

'Tis not he whoſe arched halls
Reſound with revelry and ſong
That taſtes the pureſt joy,
But he who from his ample ſtore
Feeds the hungry, cheers the faint,
On languid features ſheds the ſmile
And lights up radiance in the eye;
Him the traveller ſhall bleſs,
Him the gods will love.—
When ſhrivell'd by the ſummer-ray
The drooping plants imbibe
The falling rain,
Again they bud, and pour around
Their ſweeter ſcents.

CHORUS,

CHORUS, CARRIL.

CARRIL.

My ſtrength is now renew'd, I fain would meet
The lady of theſe halls.

CHORUS.

She comes, accoſt her.

CHORUS, CARRIL, MOINA.

CARRIL.

Lady, a ſtranger whom your domes received
Offers his thanks: and if 'tis your good pleaſure
The wandering bard will raiſe the ſound of ſong,
The pleaſing ſound of praiſe.

MOINA.

Thou holy man,
The flattering ſong is hateful to my ear,
But if thou know'ſt to tune the mournful lay,
And

And ſoftly breathe the melancholy tale,
My ſickly ſoul could liſten with delight.

CARRIL.

Pleaſe you to ſit, fair lady, while I raiſe
The melting ſtrains of grief.—
Peace, ſtorms of night, ye roaring whirlwinds, peace;
Soft glide, ye torrents, from the echoing hills;
Riſe from the murky vale, ye blood-red fires,
And dimly ſhoot your beams; ye famiſh'd wolves
Ceaſe your wild howls—let all be ſilent, dark—
Ghoſts of my fathers, bend your ſhadowy forms
To hear the tale of woe—
The tale of woe which Mornac thus began.
Swift was my daughter's ſtep on Fura's hills,
Health fluſh'd her cheek, and down her ſnowy neck
The dark locks cluſtering fell—why ſtarts the tear?
Why heaves the ſigh in Mornac's aged boſom?
No more my Lora meets me on the heath,

No

No more ſhe cheers my ſoul with grateful voice,
My lofty halls are ſilent—
The blue miſt riſes from the lakes, and fills
The bending flowers with dew, the ſun burſts forth,
The miſt is gone—no beam of joy diſpels
The miſt of Mornac's ſoul, but laſting ſorrow
Cleaves to my aged heart—my child, where art thou?
Dark is thy bed, O Lora, grief has cruſh'd
Thy tender form, far from a parent's boſom
The hand of rapine ſnatch'd thee, and thy ſleep
Ere this is deep—accurſed be the chief
Who fought on Fura's plains, my feeble arm
Benumb'd with ages winter ſtruck in vain,
In vain did Carril fight, the much-lov'd Carril,
Fierce was his look, full roſe his ſinewy limbs,
As a dark cloud he mov'd, and ſhook his glittering ſpear—
The ſteel deep pierc'd his ſide, death hover'd round him

O'erwhelm'd

O'erwhelm'd amid the ſlain—fear ſeiz'd our ſoldiers,
They fled the ſtrife of ſpears; the conquering Saxons
Enter'd our halls defenceleſs, thence they bore
My Lora, but the blue-ey'd chief diſdain'd
To ſmear with frozen blood his dark-blue ſteel;
Cruel he ſpar'd me to lament my woes
And ſink in anguiſh to the narrow houſe.
When the huge maſs of ſnow from beetling hills
Deſcends impetuous on the cottage roof,
And buries in its fall the father, mother,
And infant offspring, then no ſound of woe
Is heard, no parent weeping for a child,
No child deep-ſobbing for a tender parent,
All find a common grave and ſleep in peace—
But when the roaring torrent ruſhes down
The dark-brown rocks, and from the mountain-deer
Snatches her ſportive fawn, the hapleſs mother
Forgets her food, forgets the wonted ſpring,
And quits the playful herd; old Mornac thus

Rejects

Rejects the joys of life to weep in ſecret—
And now the conquering enemy retir'd,
The hoary druids from their ſacred woods
Come forth, they haſte to cloſe our fallen friends
In the cold earth—when Carril they eſpy
Yet breathing—

CHORUS.

Venerable man, thy tale
Has deeply touch'd our lady—ſhe retires—
Finiſh thy ſong.

CARRIL.

In Carril's wounds they pour
The healing balm, recall his fainting ſoul
And raiſe him up—to miſery!—and now
O'er Fura's plains the lover wanders mourning,
In Fura's moſſy towers the father weeps.—
Riſe ſtorms of night, ye raging whirlwinds, riſe;
Roar loud, ye torrents, from the towering hills;
Howl, howl, ye wolves; ye fiery meteors blaze

With

With redder beams—away to hovering clouds,
Ghoſts of the dead—the ſolemn ſong is ſung.

A MESSENGER.

Moina, old man, commands you to attend her:
Follow.—

CHORUS.

What ſound cœleſtial floats
Upon the liquid air?—
Is it the ruſtling breeze
From Glaſor's golden boughs?
Is it the dark-green deep
Soft echoing to the notes
Of Niord's ſwans?
No—'tis Braga's harp,
Braga ſweeps the ſounding ſtrings—

Glaſor's golden boughs.] Glaſor was a foreſt in Aſgard; the trees which compoſed it ſhot forth golden branches.

Of Niord's ſwans.] Of the muſical powers of the ſwan, the favourite bird of Niord, the Scandinavians entertained the ſame opinion as the Greek and Romans.

Mimer's

Mimer's ſtream inſpires the god,
With ſwimming eyes
And ſoul of fire
He pours the tide of harmony.—

He whom Braga loves
Shall ſwell the ſolemn lay,
Shall ſtrike the chords of joy,
And gently touch the ſhell.
He whom Braga loves
Shall wake the din of war,
Inflame the chieftain's ſoul,
And ſend him in his glittering arms
To fields of blood.

CHORUS, *at a diſtance.*

CARRIL, MOINA.

MOINA.

In vain thou urgeſt flight—tho' force compell'd me
To ſhare the bed of Harold, whilſt he breathes
I'm his alone—and would not Carril's ſelf
Deteſt me, faithleſs?—ſhould ſome happy arm
Transfix the Saxon, hope again might beam
Upon the cloud of grief which veils us round;
Then might I fly and reſt in Carril's arms.

CARRIL.

'Tis well—When Harold's haughty ſteps reſound
Within his courts, I'll dare him to the combat.

MOINA.

No, Carril, no—I love thy dauntleſs ſpirit,—
Yet ſhould the chieftain bleed within theſe walls,
A ſure deſtruction waits upon us both.

Calm

Calm thy fierce courage—on the road which
leads
O'er yonder hill, a gloomy foreſt borders,
The ſun-beams never pierce its ſides, the wolf,
The hiſſing ſnake poſſeſs it; there reſides
A propheteſs deep ſkill'd in Runic lore;

A propheteſs deep ſkill'd.] Propheteſſes or witches were held in high repute among the Northern nations;* "Ineſſe quinetiam, (ſays Tacitus, de mor. German.) ſanctum quid et providum fœminis putant."—The influence of their councils in war is mentioned by Polyænus de Stratag. Lib. 7.

* Perhaps the following particulars of the coſtume, &c. of theſe women may not be unintereſting.

Παρακολυθουν προμαντεις ἱεραι, πολιοτριχες, λευκειμονες, καρπασινας εφαπτιδας επιπεπορπημεναι, ζωσμα χαλκουν εχουσαι, γυμνοποδες.

Strabonis Geograph. Lib. 7.

In ſilvis, montibus, ſpecubus, et prope a fontibus habitant.

Keyſter Antiq. Septen.

Εισι δε και παρα Γερμανοις αι ἱεραι καλουμεναι γυναικες αι ποταμων δινας προβλεπουσαι, και ρευματων ελιγμοις και Ψοφοις τεκμαιρονται και προδεσπιζουσι τα μελλοντα.

Strom. Lib. 1, p. 305, (Col. Fol. 1688.)

Conſult alſo Erin's Rauga Saga: and in Olaus Magnus, (de Gent. Septentrion. Lib III. cap. xv. and following chapters) a long account may be ſeen of the magical arts of theſe Gothic witches.

Haſte to her cave, and force her to demand
By magic rites, if joy or grief await
Our future hours.

CARRIL.

I go, and may the gods
We fear, with bleſt forebodings wing my feet
Returning.

[*Moina and Carril go out.*

CHORUS, A SOLDIER.

CHORUS.

Thy haſty ſtep portends us good, thou com'ſt
To tell the victory of Harold?

SOLDIER.

No,
Our chief is fallen in the battle's rage;
Bravely he fought by multitudes oppreſt,
His blows were death; at length a feather'd dart
Pierc'd

Pierc'd his brave ſide, his heart's blood follow'd
guſhing,
Death dimm'd his eyes—he feebly rais'd his arm
As if to ſtrike again—his ſinews fail'd him—
He fell—in death's laſt agony he graſp'd
His weapon—cold and bloody, yet he looks
The Hero—

CHORUS.

So ſhould a Saxon fall.

SOLDIER.

His faithful people
With fury ruſh'd around him, tore his body
From the ſurrounding warriors—now they bear
him
In mournful ſilence to his lofty halls,
And haſte to lay him 'midſt his brave forefathers.

CHORUS.

Soldier, let Moina hear the fate of Harold.

SEMI-CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Softly ſtrike the harp
And wake the ſounds of woe,
Harold falls,
His limbs are cold,
The purple ſtream has ſtain'd
His golden hair.

See at the feſtive board
His faithful warriors ſit,
In vain they caſt their eyes around
To meet their chieftain's looks;
Sorrow glooms their ſouls
And daſhes from their lips
The ſparkling ſhell.

The hunter's horn reſounds,
The ſtout dogs leap around
And ſeek their chief,
No more ſhall Harold's voice
Be heard the woods among.

The famiſh'd eagle ſcreams
And aſks his wonted food,
No more ſhall Harold's arm.
Prepare the feaſt of ſlain.

Yet not to Hela's dark abode
Our chieftain's ſoul is fled,
He riſes on the ruſhing blaſt
And ſeeks Valhalla's halls.

The End of the Firſt Act.

MOINA.

MOINA, CARRIL.

MOINA.

Welcome my Carril to thy Moina's arms,
Now am I thine my love; th' approaching night
Shall ſhade us flying to our native country;
Again my aged father ſhall behold
His happy daughter, and the ſacred druid
Shall hear our holy vow—The chief is fall'n.—

CARRIL.

Thou unſeen power, when deep deſpair ſurrounds us,
When the black night of woe o'erſhades the ſoul
Sudden thou ſhin'ſt amidſt ſurrounding horror,
The darkneſs flies, and keeneſt joy breaks in
Upon the grief worn mind.—The propheteſs
Foreboded Harold's death—

MOINA.

And 'tis accompliſh'd,
Bleſs'd be the arm which cleav'd his hated heart—
Did

Did ſhe not promiſe ſafety to our flight,
And future days of joy ?—tell, tell me all.

CARRIL.

My haſty ſteps ſoon reach'd the gloomy wood
I ſought, and ſtruggling thro' the thorny paths
I mark'd a craggy rock whoſe broken ſummit
Was veil'd by creeping ſhrubs—it's bottom yawn'd
And ſhew'd a deep dark gulph—I fearleſs enter'd,
And with extended arms I trac'd my way,
For there no beam of light was ſeen to glimmer
Save from pale flames by magic ſong enkindled;
While thus advancing ſlow, a cold ſhrunk hand
Caught mine, a hoarſe voice thus addreſs'd me,
Who art thou, man, that dar'ſt with impious ſtep
Diſturb my ſilent dwelling? Speak or periſh.
Mildly I anſwer'd, propheteſs, a ſtranger,
A miſerable ſtranger ſeeks thy aid;
O tell me, I conjure thee, by thy gods,
If Harold's doom be ſeal'd, if ſorrowing Moina

Shall e'er behold again her native home
And dwell with Carril?—Hence, away, ſhe cries,
I know thee now,—I hate the foe of Harold;
With that I forward ruſh'd, and in my arms
Seizing the propheteſs, I cried aloud
Unfeeling woman, tell me what I aſk,
Or from thy feeble body ſoon theſe arms
Shall force thy ſtubborn ſoul.—My ſon, ſhe ſaid,
Forbear, I yield, thy bravery has won me,
Approach—within my cave a new ſlain corſe,
Borne by my ſpirits from the field of ſlaughter,
Yet bleeds—this day he fell by Harold's ſide,
The ſoul is ſeated in Valhalla's halls,
But by my potent art I'll call it back,
Force it to animate the bloody limbs
And truly anſwer thy demands.—She ſpake,
And blue light flaſh'd around me; I beheld
The bleeding man—with hoarſe rough voice ſhe 'gan
To ſound the Runic rhyme, and ſinging ſtill,
The

To ſound the Runic rhyme.] "The northern nations held their Runic verſes in ſuch reverence, that they believed them

The corſe uprear'd his head and clotted hair,
And ſlowly caſt his ghaſtly eyes around,
Then ſunk again, as if the ſoul had fear'd
To animate a hateful mangl'd body;
The propheteſs obſerv'd him, and in wrath

She

them ſufficient (provided they were pronounced with great emotion of mind) to raiſe the ghoſts of the departed, and that without other magical rites; eſpecially if the party had worked himſelf up into a firm perſuaſion, that it would happen according to his deſires."

Five pieces of Runic poetry, p. 6.

The following is a ſpecimen of an incantation of this kind:—"May the poiſon of ſerpents and noxious flame torment you all within your ribs unleſs you give me the ſword," &c.

Herv. Saga (as quoted in the above work).

The language in which the earlieſt poetical productions of the Goths was compoſed, and of which we have ſtill ſome remains in the Sagas of the Scalds, was the *Icelandic*; this language, ſuppoſed to have been ſpoken in the greateſt purity in Iceland, prevailed in the north of Europe very extenſively, and may be conſidered as the mother of the modern Swediſh and Daniſh dialects: the characters

She ſeiz'd a living ſnake and laſh'd his limbs—
Uproſe the corſe, his languid eyes he fix'd
On me, thus ſpeaking—Tell me, Carril, quickly,
For well I know thee, Carril, what's thy plea-
ſure?
Diſmiſs me hence with ſpeed to Odin's board.
Warrior, I ſaid, is Harold's death decreed?—

characters originally uſed in writing it were called Runic,* a term which tho' it was at firſt confined to deſign thoſe characters only, was afterwards applied to expreſs the Icelandic language and literature in general.†

The Runic language and characters were introduced into England by our Saxon Anceſtors; ſufficient proof of this may be deduced from the ancient Runic manuſcripts, inſcriptions, &c. which have been diſcovered both in England and Scotland;‡ before the ſeventh century however the uſe of the Runic characters, which were then deemed impious, appears to have been diſcontinued.

* The word Runic is derived from *Ryn*, (Icelandic) ſignifying a *furrow*—Olaus Wormius.

† See Preface to Five Pieces of Runic Poetry.

‡ Hickes' Theſaurus, Par. I. and III. Archæol. Vol. II. 4to. 1773.

He

He bleeds, he bleeds, I ſee him fall
On the corſe-ſpread plain—
Send me back to halls of joy—
Yet ſpeak, ſhall Moina with her Carril dwell?
E'er the ſetting ſun ſhall ſhoot
His reddeſt rays acroſs the waves
Moina's woes ſhall be at peace—
I go, I go to halls of joy—
He ſaid and ſmiling ſullenly, fell lifeleſs.
Then from the cave with panting breaſt I haſten'd
To bear the wiſh'd-for tidings to my Moina.

MOINA.

Again my country's gods look down and ſmile
Upon our future days.—Retire, my Carril,
Inſtantly quit the caſtle and attend me
In the dark dell which borders on the wood
Some two miles off.—The followers of Harold,
Who ſlowly bear his body to the grave,
Are near at hand, and when the chief is laid
At peace, I'll ſteal unnotic'd from the walls,
And fly on love-wing'd ſtep to Carril's arms.

[*Carril goes out.*

Now

Now haſte, ye tardy minutes, till the dews
Of evening fall, ariſe ye floating clouds,
And ſhroud the ſilver moon in welcome darkneſs—

MOINA, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Lady, the ſoldiers bear our chieftain's body
Within our caſtle gates, the grave is ready,
The holy rites prepar'd, we wait thy preſence.

MOINA.

My preſence, venerable man, and wherefore?

CHORUS.

Know'ſt thou not then the cuſtom of our land?
The laws which ages paſt have render'd ſacred?
Know'ſt thou not, lady, with her huſband's body
The wife is buried, that in other worlds

He

The wife is buried.] This barbarous practice is recorded in Mallet's Northern Antiquities, vol. 1, p. 342—to the authorities

He ſtill may ſhare her fond embraces, ſtill
May dwell with her delighted?

MOINA.

Buried, ſay'ſt thou?

CHORUS.

Buried—our laws have ſo decreed it, lady,
And their decrees unalterably ſtand:
Haſte then with Harold to the courts of bliſs,
Haſte to the feaſt of gods—

MOINA.

Have pity on me—
Spare, ſpare my life—O ſave a helpleſs woman,

authorities there quoted for it may be added Saxo Grammaticus de Danis, Lib. 8, and Strabo, Lib. 7.

The Goths appear to have inherited this inhuman cuſtom from their Scythian anceſtors; Herodotus ſpeaking of the Scythian funerals, ſays,

Εν δ' τῃ λοιπῃ ευρυχωριῃ της θηκης των παλλακεων τε μιην αποπνιξαντες θαπτουσι, και τον οινοχοον, &c.

Melpomene 174

Hadſt

Hadſt thou but offer'd death when Harold led me
A weeping captive from my native ſhore,
With joy I'd follow'd to the grave—but now—
What horrors burſt around me!—Curſes, curſes
Fall on thy nation—was it not enough
To drag me from a father's arms, to force me
All-ſhudd'ring to the conqueror's hated bed?
Muſt the ſame grave receive us?—Save me, ſave me.

CHORUS.

Lady, the law muſt be obey'd, I cannot.

MOINA.

Where ſhall my tortur'd boſom turn for aid?
Is there no arm to ſave, no heart to pity?

CHORUS.

Death cannot be avoided.

MOINA.

MOINA.

Carril, Carril,
Is this our promis'd joy? accurſt forebodings,
And did ye raiſe our ſouls to plunge them down
To deeper bale? My father—wretched man—
Soon wilt thou meet me—ſoon will Carril hail
His faithful Moina in the cloudy hall
Of feeble ghoſts—haſte, haſte ye dearly-lov'd,
God of my fathers, riſe and aid my ſoul,
Revenge, revenge my blood—

CHORUS.

Lady, no more,
I muſt command obedience.

[*Leads her off.*

Harold's body is carried by his Soldiers acroſs the ſtage, Moina follows; the Chorus ſtop and ſing the funeral ſong.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who ſteps on the glittering bridge
That leads to the manſion of gods?
'Tis Harold—undaunted in fight,
He ſmil'd at the ſhivering of ſpears,
He fell in the claſhing of arms.
Riſe, Odin, riſe,
See, he enters thy ſhining abodes
And terrible ſits by thy ſide.

Who lifts the gold-tipt horn
Of mantling mead;
Harold lifts the gold-tipt horn
Of mantling mead.
Happy he who fighting falls,
Happy in the battles clangour
To feel the quivering dart.

When

When the hunter's ſpear has pierc'd
The roe-buck's mottled ſide,
Down from the ſummit of the rock
He falls, and falling dies;
His dark grey eyes for ever cloſe,
No more he ſees the graſſy hill,
No more he ſeeks the guſhing ſpring,
But ſinks to endleſs night;
When Vithri drives the ſpear of fate
Deep in the hero's ſteel-clad breaſt,
His ſoul immortal mounts on high
And climbs the airy hall of gods;
There in Pleaſure's lap he lies
'Till Surtur's flames conſume the world.

Vithri.] A name of Odin.

SEMI-CHORUS.

From the four regions of the ſky
The white ſnow falls,
And winter binds in thick ribb'd ice
The floating world—
Who rears the bloody hand?
A brother in his brother's heart
Has plung'd the ſpear;
Who rears the bloody hand?
A father in his daughter's heart
Has plung'd the ſpear.

Where are thy beams, O ſun?
Where is thy ſilver ſhield,
O moon?
The glittering ſtars fall from the cope of heav'n—
'Tis darkneſs all—the firm earth ſhakes,

From the four regions of the ſky.] The Chorus here begins to deſcribe the *Ragnarockur*, or *Twilight of the Gods*, and continues the deſcription to the end of the Ode.

The

The lofty mountain's thundering ruſh
Upon the plains below—
Old ocean heaves his waves,
And tempeſts howl around.

See Fenris burſts his chain
His eye-balls flaſh,
His noſtrils breathe
Deſtructive fire.

From the Serpent's iron jaws
Floods of poiſon roll—
Hark—the craſh of heav'n,
It cleaves, it cleaves,
Spirits of fire ariſe
And hurl their burning brands,

Fenris burſts his chain.] Fenris was an enormous and terrible wolf, at the Ragnarockur he was to break his chains and attack the gods.

The ſerpent's iron jaws.] The ſerpent's name was *Midgard*, he was twiſted round the whole earth, and was deſtined, like Fenris, finally to war with the gods.

Surtur

Surtur at their head—
Before him flaſh his dazzling arms,
Behind him flies reſiſtleſs flame.

Heimdal lifts the brazen trump
And blows the blaſt of war,
Heaven's ſolid pillars ſhake—
Odin calls—he graſps his lance
And ſtrikes his golden ſhield—
Heimdal ſounds the brazen trump—
The gods ſtart up and ſeize their ſparkling arms.
Heimdal ſounds the brazen trump—
Odin's heroes ruſh to battle,
And jarring hauberks ring.

CHORUS.

In burniſh'd mail ſhall Harold ſtand,
Foremoſt in th' embattled ranks

Heimdal.] Heimdal was the centinel of Valhalla, and god of the ſky.

His

His arm ſhall wing the hiſſing dart
Nor dread the flames around;
Then ſhall he fighting fall again,
And ſink amid the war of gods,
Amid the cruſh of worlds.

The Chorus proceed to the grave with Harold.

CHORUS *returning.*

Dark, dark is Moina's bed,
On earth's hard lap ſhe lies;
Where is the beauteous form
That heroes lov'd?
Where is the beaming eye,
The ruddy cheek?
Cold, cold is Moina's bed.

And ſhall no lay of death
With pleaſing murmur ſooth
Her parted ſoul?
Shall no tear wet the grave
Where Moina lies?

The

The bards ſhall raiſe the lay of death,
The bards ſhall ſooth her parted ſoul,
And drop the tear of grief
On Moina's grave.

The lily bows her head
Before the ſummer-gale,
The green earth kiſſing,
But ſwift the ſummer-gale is fled,
Again the flower uplifts her ſnowy creſt
And drinks the air ſerene.—
Before the breath of woe
The ſoul of Moina bow'd,
It bow'd and roſe no more.

High o'er its banks the rapid river ſwells
And flows impetuous on the plain—
The poplar meets the ruſhing wave
And bends it tender ſtem—
The waters paſs—
The plant uprears its pliant trunk
And ſhoots aloft;

The plant uprears its verdant tufts,
And ſpreads its light green leaves
To meet the warmth of heav'n.
Before the tide of woe
The ſoul of Moina bow'd,
It bow'd and roſe no more.

Frea from Valhalla's groves
Mark'd the grief of Moina's ſoul
And dropp'd the golden tear;
Now ſhe quits the groves of bliſs,
And haſtes to meet her favour'd child
At heav'n's firm-built gates.
With her roſy hand ſhe graſps
Moina's clay-cold palm,
Swift thro' her frame cœleſtial vigour ſhoots,

The golden tear.] Frea's tears were fabled to be drops of gold.

To meet her favour'd child.] "Habebat," ſays Keyſler, "etiam Frea palatia ſua quibus defunctas excipiebat." To this palace of Frea, virgins, and wives who had died with their huſbands, were admitted.

Cœleſtial beauty beams
In Moina's eyes.

Fair flower, no more the blaſt of woe
Shall ſhake thy tender form,
Secure in Frea's grove
Thy bloom ſhall fade no more.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Did'ſt thou not notice, e'er the grave was clos'd
On Moina, that ſhe beckon'd to a ſervant
And whiſper'd him? Quick in the crowd he vaniſh'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

I did, and wonder'd much what care intruding
Could for a moment draw her thoughts from death;
'Till then in ſilent grief ſhe ſtood, her eyes
Faſt rooted on the ground.

SEMI-CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

And when the earth
Was caſt upon her as we held her ſtruggling
By Harold's ſide, ſhe call'd aloud on Carril—

CHORUS, CARRIL.

CARRIL.

Who calls on Carril? ſpeak, ye wretches, ſpeak,
Where is my Moina?

CHORUS.

Moina is no more,
She lies by Harold's ſide.—

CARRIL.

Inhuman monſters—
Haſte, haſte, and lead me to her grave, perhaps
She yet may breathe, her boſom yet—

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Be calm.

CARRIL.

Ye wretches lead me to the grave, once more
I'll claſp her cold cold breaſt, kiſs her pale lips,
And periſh with my Moina.

CHORUS.

With thy Moina?

CARRIL.

Yes, ſhe was mine, till thy accurſed chief,
God of my fathers, thou haſt ſlain the robber—
'Till thy accurſed chief in ſorrow dragg'd her
To theſe deteſted walls—I am her lover—
I am Carril—

CHORUS.

Carril!

CARRIL.

CARRIL.

Yes, wretches, yes—
Think not, O Moina, that thou fall'ſt alone;
I haſte to meet thee, Carril haſtes to join
Thy gloomy ghoſt; ſoon ſhall our airy forms
A mournful conference hold, ride on the blaſt
And hover o'er our country—there we'll trace
Thy father's ſteps—together will we croſs
The well-known hills, and liſten to the torrent—
The aged bards ſhall ſing our woes by night,
We'll bend from clouds of miſt and eager catch
The dying notes.—I come, I come, my love,
With ſteps of ſpeed I'll ſeek the rocks high ſummit
And plunge to death below.

CHORUS.

When from the foe's bright ſpear
The ſoldier trembling turns,
When cold fear ſhakes his ſoul
And blaſts his ſtrength,
No more he'll hear the ſong of praiſe,

No

No more he'll tell his liſtening child
The bloody tale of war;
The ſecret vale receives
His ſlow and ſullen ſteps;
He hates the warrior's eye,
He hates the maiden's look.
Then let ſhame his boſom fire,
Lead him to the lofty rock,
And plunge him from the airy height,
To death below.

When the hero's giant-form
With ſickneſs droops,
When his broad and ſinewy arm
Shrunk and trembling fails,
When that firm breaſt which dar'd the dart
The ſigh of languor heaves,

Lead him to the lofty rock.]—
Mirus amor populo, cum pigra incanuit ætas,
Imbellos jamdudum annos prævertere *saxo.*
Sil. Ital. Lib. 3.

When

When thoſe ſtrong knees which ruſh'd to war
Labouring ſink beneath his weight,
When death has rais'd his clay-cold hand
To touch the warrior's heart,
Then let him drag his faltering limbs
To ſome huge rock's outſtretching cliff,
And from the airy ſummit plunge
To death below.

When from the aged father's arms
The child is torn,
Forlorn he wanders on the heath,
His white hair waving in the wind—
Forlorn he ſeeks the hill
His child has trod,
And wipes the falling tear;
Anguiſh gnaws his heart,
And ſlowly drags his frame
To Hela's halls—
Haſte, haſte and ſeek the lofty rock,
There from its airy ſummit plunge
To death below.

When

When o'er the ſtiff'ned corſe
The lover bends,
And weeps his miſtreſs dead,
Now clinging to her chilly breaſt,
Now preſſing to his trembling lips
Her faded cheek;
No more her blue eyes tell
The tender tale,
No more her ſilver-ſounding voice
Shall murmur in his ear—
In ſpeechleſs agony he hangs upon her—
Awake, awake, and from that form belov'd
Snatch thy diſtracted ſoul,
Haſte, haſte and ſeek the lofty rock,
There from its airy ſummit plunge
To death below.

THE END.

OSWALD.

A

MONODRAMA.

Prodiga gens animæ & properare facillima mortem,
Namque ubi tranſcendit florentes viribus annos,
Impatiens ævi, ſpernit noviſſe ſenectam
Et fati modus in dextra eſt.

SILIUS ITALICUS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Monodrama is a ſpecies of play, which has not yet, as far as I am able to diſcover, been attempted by Engliſh writers *: it was probably too ſimple to engage their attention, or they might imagine it little calculated to gratify a people who are fond, perhaps to exceſs, of the buſtle of incident and intricacy of plot. Though the neglect of it cannot be conſidered of much importance, yet we find many of theſe poems among the Germans, French and Italians, which are exceedingly intereſting both in the cloſet and the theatre. When repreſented on the ſtage, the Monodrama is uſually declaimed with intervals of muſick.

* Since the above was written, many pleaſing Monodramas have been publiſhed in this country.

The ſtory of the following piece is this.—Oſwald, a Gothic Chieftain, oppreſs'd at once by old age and a painful diſeaſe, exerts his remaining ſtrength to die in a manner which was eſteemed highly honourable by his countrymen, and was alſo believed to entitle him to a ſeat in Valhalla.

OSWALD.

OSWALD.

SCENE, an inner-room, Oſwald on a couch, his armour lying near him: riſing ſlowly, he begins.

HENCE, hence, ye languid groans, ye racking pangs,
That ſlowly drag the trembling frame of Oſwald
To thoſe accurſed climes where Hela reigns
Stern on her icy throne—thou quivering arm!
Oft have I ſeen thee in the battle's rage
Bedew'd with red heart's blood—ye tottering knees!

Oft

Oft have ye ſtood unmov'd by preſſing hoſts,
Oft have ye waded thro' the ſteaming field,
Trampling the mangled corſes of my foes;—
Why ſhake ye thus?—diſeaſe with poiſon'd breath
My firm nerves withers—and ſhall Oſwald then
Sink, tamely ſink to everlaſting night?—
Shall feeble age with lingering hand conduct him
To the bleak regions girt with ſtubborn froſt?
And bend this warlike heart in maſſy chains
Of ſolid ice?—what?—ſhall the holy bards
Who ſing my glorious deeds, thus end the ſong?
Alas! he dar'd not ſnatch the joys of heaven,
But meanly fell, the prey of age and ſickneſs?
Why have I liv'd?—ſhake, ſhake, ye palſied limbs—
Pant, pant, thou fainting breaſt, old Oſwald's ſoul
Is yet untouch'd, awake, awake, it cries,
And ſpeed me hence to Odin's echoing halls;
Who yet can boaſt amid his ſpoils of war

A trophy from my mail?—what dark-brow'd
chief
E'er yet beheld me turning from the combat?
And ſhall that heart, which laugh'd at fear and
danger
Yield, poorly yield, to pain?—it muſt not be—
While yet my hand has ſtrength, I'll rear the
ſword,
And die a ſoldier in my glittering arms.
Yes, 'tis decreed—my helmet, ſhade again
Thy maſter's ſilver locks—from thy hard ſides
Oft has the gleaming ſpark burſt forth amid
The tempeſt of the fight—thou ſteel-ribb'd
cuiraſs,
Come to my breaſt again—how many a dart
Has hiſs'd acroſs thee, which thy firm-knit
plates
Drove from my glowing heart? now looſe and
yielding
Thou ſhalt protect no more—again I raiſe
The weighty ſhield, whoſe dim reflecting orb
So oft has ſhot a purple beam deep-dy'd

With

With hoſtile blood—and thou, O faithful ſteel,
Who ne'er haſt fail'd thy maſter's vigorous arm
When rear'd to ſtrike, ſwift ſpeed me to the gods,
Pierce, pierce me deep, thy blade was never wet
With braver blood than that which warms my heart.

Father of gods! when Oſwald quits the earth,
Rear thou my orphan boy—how oft I've ſmil'd
To ſee his tender fingers graſp the ſpear,
And his young ſinews ſtruggling to upliſt
His father's ſolid ſhield; to thee, O Odin,
I early gave him: teach him, like his fire,
To ſcorn the coward's name, to joy in battle,
And when his warlike years have run in glory,
Give him a happy death in fields of blood.
My daughter too—begone, unmanly drops,
Nor cloud my dying hour—may Frea love her,

I early gave him.] This alludes to a Gothic cuſtom of dedicating male infants to Odin.

Form

Form her ſoft limbs to grace and lead her forth
The bluſhing prize of valour—Ah!—I faint!—
What deadly throes deep tear me!—'tis enough—
My ſtrength ebbs quickly—now, thou trembling arm,
Feel my ſoul's lateſt fire.

[*He ſtabs himſelf.*

Yes, friendly ſteel, thy ſearching point is moiſt
With Oſwald's blood.

[*After a pauſe.*

—What glorious viſions riſe!
I ſee the feſtive gods at Odin's board!
I hear the ſplendid warrior's gladſome din.
Yon golden ſeat is vacant—'tis for me—
I come, I come, the gloom of death has wrapt
My eyes in miſt.—Hark, hark!—the notes of joy
Die on my ear—and now a louder peal
Burſts on my fluttering ſoul—

[*He dies.*

THE END.

STARNO.

A

TRAGEDY.

Φευ· φευ· τοδ' ἀυ νεοχμον ἐκδ'οχαις
Ἐπεισφερει θεῷ κακον—
Τρεις ὀντας ὠλεσεν.

EURIPIDES.

INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH it was principally my intention in writing theſe pieces (as I have obſerved in the preface) to attempt a poetical ſketch of the *Gothic* mythology, yet I could not, conſiſtently with the characters in Moina, avoid making ſome alluſions to the religion of the *Celts*. The ſuperſtitions of both nations prevailed at the ſame period, and have frequently, though errroneouſly, been confounded: I have been induced therefore to add to this ſeries of Plays the following Poem, in which I have confined myſelf as much as poſſible to a delineation of *Celtic* mythology.—This mythology indeed by no means rivals the Gothic in magnificence, and ſome of its inſtitutions and ceremonies have already been diſplayed in the admirable tragedy of Caractacus; yet there ſtill appeared to me parts

parts of it untouched, which might be brought forward in dramatic poetry with tolerable effect.

The ſtory of the following tragedy is fictitious, but I hope not entirely inconſiſtent with the manners and cuſtoms of the Celtic people. It is written on the Greek model, and the Odes are without rhyme.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

STARNO, DAURA, } Britons.

KELRIC, a Saxon.

Chorus of Druids.

PLACE—BRITAIN.

STARNO.

Act I.

SCENE. A wood and an altar; a diſtant proſpect of Starno's caſtle.

CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

IN the dark covert of theſe ſacred ſhades
I wait,

CHORUS.] *Three* orders of men, compoſing one body, and generally confounded under the common appellation of *Druids**, had engroſſed to themſelves an aſtoniſhing degree of power and influence among the Celtic nations: they were at once the teachers of youth, the diſtributors of juſtice, and the miniſters of religion, and ſuch as attempted to reſiſt their authority, were inſtantly cruſhed by a ſentence of excommunication, which baniſhed them from public ſacrifices, ſtripped them of their dig-

* The word *Druid* ſeems to be derived from *Deru*, (Celtic) an oak.—See Druid. orig. in the Delphi Phœnicizantes of Dickinſon.

I wait, with reſtleſs trembling expectation,

The

nities, and held them up as contagious and impious wretches, to be ſhunned and deteſted by ſociety *.

The three claſſes of men who conſtituted this formidable body, are divided by ancient writers, into *Druids*, or adminiſtrators of juſtice and teachers of Theology; *Bards* or Poets; and *Vaides*, or Prieſts and Diviners.—Diodorus Siculus (Lib. v.) gives the following deſcription of them :—

εισι δε και παρ' αυτοις (the Gauls or Celts) και ποιηται μελων ους βαρδους ονομαζουσιν, ουτοι δε μετ' οργανων ταις λυραις ομοιων αδοντες ους μεν υμνουσιν ους δε βλασφημουσι, φιλοσοφοι δε τινες εισι και θεολογοι ους σαρονιδας † ονομαζουσι. χρωνται δε μαντεσιν, ους δια τε οιωνοσκοπιας και δια της των ιερειων θυσιας τα μελλοντα προλεγουσι.

Strabo alſo (Lib. iv.) claſſes them nearly in a ſimilar manner under the heads of Βαρδοι ‡ poets and muſicians, Ουατεις prieſts, and Δρυιδες teachers of morals and philoſophy.

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* Cæſar de Bell. Gallic. Lib. 6.—Plinii Hiſt. Natur. Lib. 16 and 46.—Lucan Pharſal. Lib. 1, 445, &c.—Schedius de Dis Germanis, p. 289 and following. (Elz. 1648.)

† This is ſuppoſed to be a corruption in the original text, and ſhould be read δαρονιδας (or δρυιδας)

‡ See alſo Athenæi Deipnoſophiſt. (Caſaubon. 1597, p. 246.)

For

The joyful tidings of our chieftain's conqueſt;

No

For the fulleſt, and probably the moſt authentic account, however, of the ſyſtem of Bardiſm, the public is indebted to the reſearches of Mr. Owen*: from this well-informed writer we learn, that under the generic term *Bard*, three claſſes of men were included, the Bards *Braint*, the Bards *Druid*, and the *Ovydd*†, the former of theſe he tells us were civil magiſtrates and judges‡, the next order Prieſts, and the third an executive power attached to the others; each claſs was diſtinguiſhed by its peculiar habit, the dreſs of the Bards *Braint* was of a ſky-blue colour, that of the Druids white§, and that of the Ovydds green. All theſe claſſes were ſelected at the pleaſure of the Bards from their awenyddion or pupils; the elections were made publicly at a gorſedd or meeting of Bards which was held every three months at fixed places,

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* Tranſlation of Llywarc's Heroic Elegies.

† Vaides, and Ουατεις above are probably corruptions of the word *Ovydd*.

‡ The places in which the courts of juſtice met, were ſome of thoſe circles of ſtones well known by the name of "*Druidical Circles*." King's Muniment. Antiq. vol. I, p. 153 and 155.

§ The reſt of their coſthume is thus deſcribed by Selden, "Nudis pedibus, barba ad inguina uſque promiſſa & circa naris fiſtulas bifurcata, in manibus liber & baculus Diogenicus.

Janus Anglic. Lib. 1.

No more the voice of woe ſhall chill our hearts,

No

in the open air; "but the ſyſtem of Bardiſm," ſays Mr. Owen, "having now fallen into almoſt total oblivion, poetry is the only characteriſtic by which the ancient Bard is recognized by the vulgar of the preſent time *."

As ſeveral of the Gods of the Britons, which will be noticed in the ſequel, were unqueſtionably Syriac deities, and (as we may thence infer) introduced into this iſland by the Phœnicians, who had certainly a frequent intercourſe with Britain†, at a very early period of time, ſo it is alſo highly probable that ſome of the Druidical doctrines and rites, (ſuch as the metempſychoſis‡, the ſacrifice of living men, &c.§) as well as the regular ſyſtem of Bardiſm, were likewiſe gathered from the ſame people; and with reſpect to the latter, I hope that I

* Welch and Engliſh Dictionary.

† Ariſtot. Mirab. Auſcult. (Duval. tom. II. p. 724.)—Bochart de Phœnic. Coloniis Lib. I. cap. xxxix.—Gale's Court of the Gentiles, B. 1. c. 9.

‡ This celebrated doctrine (probably received by Pythagoras from his Phœnician teacher Pherecydes) prevailed much in Syria at a very early period; it was adopted by the Druids in its fulleſt extent, as appears from Cæſar (Bell. Gallic. Lib. IV. 14) and from Diodorus Siculus, Lib. V.

§ See Brucker. Hiſt. Philoſoph. Pars. I. Lib. II, c. ix.—Juſtin Lib. XVIII. 6, and a ſubſequent note on this ſubject in this work.

ſhall

No more the flying Briton here ſhall haſte

With

ſhall not be deemed fanciful in aſſerting that the reſemblance between the College of the Bards* and the ſacred Colleges of the Jews† is too ſtriking to be conſidered as merely the effect of chance, and if it were not the effect of chance, the knowledge of this regular plan of education could in all probability only have reached Britain through the medium of the Phœnicians.

I am aware that an ingenious writer in the Aſiatic Reſearches ‡ aſſerts in the moſt poſitive terms that the Druids were Bramins, and that many of the Celtic ſuperſtitions may be traced to Hindoſtan; this opinion, at leaſt in part, appears to be well founded, for although the progreſs of the Celtic nations into Europe is involved in great darkneſs, yet no doubt I think can be reaſonably entertained of their having been originally *emigrants from the Eaſt*§; whatever mythology however the Celts of *Britain* may have brought with them into this iſland; the authorities hereafter to be adduced, will certainly render it probable at leaſt that this mythology underwent conſiderable changes from their intercourſe with the Phœnicians.

* Welch and Engliſh Dictionary, word Barz.

† Lewis's Hebrew Antiquities, vol. 1.

‡ Vol. II. (4to. Edit.) p. 488.

§ From the hiſtorical documents which we now poſſeſs, no certain information can be derived (as I have obſerved above) reſpecting the *time* of this emigration, or the preciſe *place* from which it proceeded; the earlieſt accounts of the Celts which are tranſmitted

With fear-wing'd ſtep to hide his fainting limbs,
And tell the hateful tale of ſlaughter'd friends—

---

tranſmitted down to us by ancient writers, are thoſe of their warlike exploits, in which they appear in Grecian and in Roman ſtory, by the names of Celtæ, Galli, Galatæ, Cumri, &c. from the ſame authors we have alſo received ſome ſketches of their manners, but of their origin, nothing deciſive; ſtill however, from the ſtriking reſemblance of the Celtic tongue to ſome of thoſe of the Eaſt, from the ſimilarity to be traced in certain Celtic and Eaſtern buildings, from the reſemblance between the Celtic and Oriental games, coins, modes of trial, (as the *ordeal)* names of ſtars, aſtronomical inſtruments, &c.—(independent of ſome peculiarities in the Druidical mythology, borrowed from the Phœnicians)—from all theſe circumſtances, I ſay, we have ſufficient grounds for believing that the Celts were originally an oriental people.

Proofs of the reſemblances mentioned in the preceding note will be found in Governor Pownal's obſervations on the Punic Scene in Plautus—in Gregory Sharpe's Letters on the Hebrew Tongue, (Letter VII.) in King's Munimenta Antiqua (Preface, and concerning Syrian Buildings, and p. 190 and p. 292, Vol. I.)—in the Aſiatic Reſearches (Vol. I. p. 389, Vol. II. p. 479, 489, Vol. III. p. 284, &c.)—in Schedius de Dis German. (remarks on the Druidical worſhip of the Miſſeltoe) and in many other writers; and it may not be improper to obſerve in this place, in the words of an antiquarian of great learning and talents, that "a ſtriking and remarkable conformity is to be found in the manners of *all* thoſe *called Aboriginal* people in *every part of the earth*, as to ſome certain uſages; which therefore ſhew their original connection with the few *patriarchal families* who firſt re-peopled the globe."

Soon

Soon, ſoon the ſhout of victory ſhall burſt
Upon our hallow'd groves; in Starno's breaſt
The ſoul of Heſus breathes, to Starno's arm
He gives reſiſtleſs ſtrength, his glaring eyes
Shoot forth deſtructive fire—well pleaſed to hear
Our chieftain's ſolemn vow, the god of battles
Stalks by his ſide amid the glittering ranks,
And wields his maſſy ſword to ſtrike for Britain.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Yes, holy man, the fearleſs ſoul of Starno
Shall glut its vengeance in the guſhing blood
Of foes; but ſtill the image of his child
Will haunt his gloomy mind, will gnaw his heart,
And e'en amid the ſhout of thronging warriors

Heſus.] Heſus was the Celtic God of war*; human ſacrifices were offered to him†; he agrees ſo exactly in his name and office with the Phœnician Huzzuz‡ that no doubt can be entertained of their being the ſame deities.

* Cæſar de Bell. Gallic. Lib. VI. 7, and ſee the note in Grevius's edition on the word Martem, in the paſſage referred to above.

† Lucan Pharſal. Lib. I.—Lactant. Lib. I. c. xxx.

‡ Bochart de Phœnic. Coloniis.—Lib. 1, cap. xiii.

The

The father ſtill ſhall heave the frequent ſigh;
O may ſome happy hour again reſtore
The blooming Daura to his eager arms,
And chaſe the night of woe which ſhades his ſoul!

CHORUS, A SOLDIER.

Ye ſacred men, I come with ſpeedy ſtep
To tell the well-earn'd victory of Starno,
Strike your loud-ſounding harps and raiſe the ſong
Of joy, your chief is ſtain'd with Saxon blood:
Long

Your loud-ſounding harps.] It is by no means an improbable conjecture that the harp or lyre uſed by the Bards,* was the *Nabla* of the Jews and Phœnicians, and borrowed from the latter of theſe nations; the *Bardic* harp appears to have had many ſtrings, and it was ſtricken by the fingers and not by a plectrum†; ſo far then it agrees with the following deſcription of the Nabla

* Ammianus. Lib. XV.—Diod. Siculus, Lib. V.

† King's Munimenta Antiqua. Vol. I. 99.

given

Long did the battle rage, the clanging ſhields
Re-echo'd loud, the ſwiftly darting ſteel
With ſparkling fragments ſtrew'd the ſmoking
earth,
And clouds of arrows hurtled in the air—
Then

given by Joſephus (Antiq. Jud. Lib. VII. 12.)
ἡ δὲ ναβλα δωδεκα φθογγους ἐχουσα, τοις δακτυλοις κρουεται*

Mr. Harmer, indeed, in his very valuable "Obſervations on divers paſſages of Scripture," has attempted to prove, contrary to the commonly received opinion, that the Nabla was a kind of *bag-pipe*; but altho' one of the ſignifications of the word נבל † may ſeem to countenance this opinion, and although the word κρουεται (uſed by Joſephus above) may certainly expreſs the ſtriking of the fingers on a *wind* inſtrument as well as a *ſtringed* one‡; yet as this author *connects* his deſcription of the Nabla with that of the κινυρα, undoubtedly a ſtringed inſtrument, and as Sopater (quoted by Athenæus) ſpeaks

* See Bochart's remarks on this paſſage in his Treatiſe de Phœnic. Coloniis, Lib. I. cap. xlii.

† A ſkin, or bag.

‡ It is to be found with that meaning in Plutarch, &c.

Then in the thickeſt ranks was Starno ſeen
Strong as a god he wing'd his bickering blade,
And ſpread the gory field with mangled foes,
The groans of death, the Britons' joyful ſhout,
Mix in the troubled ſky—the Saxons trembled—
They fled the murdering ſpear.

CHORUS.

Haſte, haſte, and with your glittering axes fell
The waving branches of the ſacred oak,
And twine the dark-green wreath of victory.

SOLDIER.

Yet hear—our ſoldiers ſcarce had turn'd the Saxons

of the Sidonian Nabla as capable of being *unſtrung**; no reaſonable doubt can remain reſpecting the nature of that inſtrument.

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* ὅτε τε Σιδώνιε Νάβλα
Λαρυγγοφώνος ἐκκεχορδώται τύπος.
Athenæi Deipnoſoph. Lib. IV.

And ſee Caſaubon's remarks on this paſſage in his Animadverſ. in Athenæum.

When

When on the plain we ſpied a youthful warrior
Spurring his ſteed to reach the Britiſh camp,
With him a woman fled—we quickly loſt them
Conceal'd behind our tents—when tir'd with ſlaughter
Our conquering chief return'd, his darling child
Ruſh'd from the camp to meet him—Daura's charms
Had won the Saxon chieftain's blooming ſon
To bear her back to Starno's aching heart,
And yield himſelf a willing captive with her.

CHORUS.

This was beyond our hopes—but ſee they come.

CHORUS, STARNO, DAURA, KELRIC.

CHORUS.

Hail, Heſus, hail,
By thee inſpir'd,
The mailed warrior dauntleſs braves
The ſinging ſpear and biting blade—

Hail, Heſus, hail,
I ſee thee climb
Thy ſcythed car
And drive the furious ſteeds
Amid the falling foe.
Who dares to meet thine eyes of flame?
Who dares to brave thy falchion's edge
The thunder-bolt of war?

Scythed car.] The ancient Britons frequently fought in chariots armed with ſcythes*; theſe formidable inſtruments of deſtruction were probably introduced into Britain from Syria, where they were uſed at a very early period of time†; the names at leaſt of certain kinds of Britiſh cars were undoubtedly Phœnician‡.

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* Cæſar de Bell. Gallic. Lib. 4, 29.

——————— Aut de temone Britanno.
Excidet Arvigarus.

Juvenal IV. 125.

† Book of Joſhua, chapter XVI. 18—Macrobii Saturnal. Lib 2. The αρματα δρεπανηφορα of the Eaſt are noticed too by Polybius, (Lib. V. 53) and very accurately deſcribed by Xenophon in the Anabaſis, Lib I.

‡ King's Munimenta Antiqua. Vol. I. p. 108—and ſee in the ſame work (a few pages before) a very amuſing enquiry into the form of the ancient cars of Britain.

Death

Death hovers round thy ſtately creſt,
And poiſed ſpear,
While pale-ey'd Fear beſtrides the blaſt
And ſails before thy car.

Raiſe aloft, Andate, raiſe
Thy golden ſhield—

Andate.] Andate or Andraſte was the Celtic Goddeſs of victory; the Britons held her in great eſtimation, and ſacrificed to her in groves called after her name*. The celebrated Boadicea is ſaid to have invoked this Goddeſs before ſhe began the conflict with the Romans.

και ἡ Βουνδουικα την χειρα ες τον ὑρανον ανατειναϛα ειπε, χαριν τε σοι ἐχω, ὦ Ανδραϛη και προσκεκλημαι σε, γυνη γυναικα.

Dio Caſſius (in Nerone).

The Syrian Goddeſs Aſhtoreth or Aſtarte, the *armed* or *conquering Venus* of the Phœnicians†, who, like Andate, was chiefly worſhipped in woods, is evidently the prototype of this Britiſh Goddeſs.

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* Milton's Hiſtory of England—Britan. Antiq. Illuſtrat. p. 37.

† Selden, de Dis Syriis Syntag. II. cap. ii. and Bochart de Phœnic. Coloniis, Lib. I. cap. xlii.

Loudly

Loudly ſtrike its echoing brim
And wake the ſound of victory—
From the purple field it comes
To pierce our holy groves—
Rude it ruſhes thro' the ſhade,
The roaring rocks return
The joyful noiſe;
The warrior hears—he ſhouts aloud
And clangs his ſounding arms.

STARNO.

Ye venerable men, nor ſongs of triumph,
Nor fond endearments of a long-loſt child
Force from my ſhuddering mind the bloody vow
Theſe hallow'd groves have heard—the nobleſt captive
Is ſolemnly devoted to the god.

DAURA.

Devoted to the god.] The ſacrifice of living men was eſteemed by the Druids particularly acceptable to ſome of their deities—"Heſum et Teutatem Deos," ſays Laſtantius, "a Gallis humano cruore placatos."—A full account

DAURA.

The nobleſt captive?—

DRUID.

Yes, lady, and the god demands his right,
Our prayers were heard, he rais'd the arm of conqueſt.

DAURA.

account of this horrid ceremony is to be ſeen in Cæſar (de Bell. Gallic. VI.) and in Diodorus Siculus, (Lib. V.). Strabo, (Lib. II.) has recorded the preciſe mode in which the unhappy victims were put to death.

Ανθρωπον γαρ, ſays he, κατασφαξαντες εις τουτον μαχαιρᾳ εμαντευοντο εκ του σφαδασμου*.

The perſons thus ſacrificed were frequently devoted to the gods either immediately before or after a battle.

Mr. Owen (in his work above-mentioned) informs us, that thoſe whom the Druids offered up to their deities were *criminals* only, and that the ſacrifices I am ſpeaking of are therefore merely to be conſidered as public executions of a moſt ſtriking and awful kind; and Sammes ſo

* See in King's Munimenta Antiqua. Vol. I. a full deſcription of the *cromlechs* or altars uſed in theſe bloody ſacrifices.

far

DAURA.

My fearful ſoul beholds the gathering woe
Which haſtes to overwhelm me. Father, father,
Why doſt thou caſt thy mournful eyes on Kenric?
Is he the nobleſt captive?—doom'd to death?—
Away,

far agrees with him as to aſſert that the *chief* of thoſe who ſuffered on theſe occaſions were murderers and robbers; but whatever circumſtances may have occurred to ſoften the cruelty of this mode of worſhip in Britain, yet as it is to be found without any ſuch alleviation among the Goths* and other European nations†, we need not, I think, heſitate to believe that it was originally introduced from the Eaſt, in which it prevailed but too generally‡,

* Bellum Hermunduris proſperum, Cattis, exitioſum fuit, quia victores diverſam aciem diis ſacravere, quo voto, equi, viri, cuncta victa occidioni dantur.

Tacitus—Annal. Lib. XIII. c. 57.

See alſo Olaus Magnus, Lib. III. cap. 8.

† It appears from Pauſanias, Livy, Porphyry, and Clemens Alexandrinus, that human ſacrifices were offered both by the Greeks and Romans on extraordinary occaſions.

‡ Euſebii Præparat. Evangel. Lib. IV. 16.—Hyde, Religio vet. Perſar. 112.—The Rudheradhyaya or Sanguinary Chapter from the Calica Puran, (in Aſiatic Reſearches, Vol. V.)

and

Away, away, who dares to touch my Kelric?

and that the Druids of Britain adopted it from the Phœnicians, who are well known to have offered human ſacrifices to their god Moloch*.

I cannot cloſe this note without obſerving, that the dreadful inſtance above-mentioned (and many ſimilar ones might be added to it) of the imbecility and wickedneſs ſhewn even by ſome of the moſt *poliſhed and humane nations* of antiquity in their attempts at religious worſhip, moſt forcibly point out to us the *neceſſity* of a *Divine Revelation;* and that, not only for the ſake of leading man to the proper Object of adoration, but for the no leſs important purpoſe of inſtructing him in the *kind* of worſhip which can alone be acceptable to ſuch a Being as the Supreme.—Accuſtomed from our earlieſt youth to the advantages which we enjoy in this reſpect, we do not perhaps ſufficiently recollect, that without thoſe inſtructions which we have derived from the *Higheſt Source*, we might *even at this day* have been bowing down in a debaſing and bloody idolatry, or might only have broken the fetters of ſuperſtition, to have ruſhed headlong into the bewildering mazes of a barren and comfortleſs ſcepticiſm.

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* Φοινικες εν ταις μεγαλαις συμφοραις η πολεμων, η αυχμων, η λοιμων, εθυον των φιλτατων τινα.

Porphyrius de Abſtinent. Lib. II.

See in Milton's moſt beautiful Hymn on the Nativity, a truly ſtriking and poetic deſcription of the ſacrifice to Moloch.

Who dares to touch that Kelric who reſtor'd
His long-loſt daughter to her father's arms?
That Kelric who entic'd by Daura's words
Has quitted all for her?

CHORUS.

Fair lady, peace,
Heſus demands the blood we vow'd to him.

KELRIC.

Nor can the victim 'ſcape: the time was once
When warlike Kelric would have ſmil'd at death;
Oft have I ruſh'd amid th' embattled hoſt,
Nor fear'd the deadly dart, but now my ſoul
Shrinks back with horror from the threatned blow
Which parts me from my love.

DAURA.

No, Kelric, no,
Thou ſhalt not fall—who urg'd thy haſty ſteps
To ſeek the Briton's camp? who won thy mind
To ſcorn the deareſt ties of friends and country?
Who

Who ſpurr'd thee on to death? 'twas Daura's
ſelf,
'Twas Daura's ſoothing accents led her Kelric
To theſe deteſted groves—why ſleep thy gods?
Why does the lightning linger to deſtroy
This fatal ſhrine? Ariſe, ye murderous prieſts,
Here plunge the holy knife: my dying pangs
Shall pleaſe the grieſly god—ſave, ſave my
Kelric.

STARNO.

Alas! my child, the tempeſt of deſtruction
Breaks terrible around us: would theſe lips
Had clos'd for ever e'er the fatal vow
Burſt raſhly forth—why, Heſus, did the dart
Avoid my breaſt? why didſt thou turn the
ſpear
From Starno's helm?—had Saxons overwhelm'd
me
And plung'd their thirſty weapons in my heart,
Then had I 'ſcaped thy hated gift of conqueſt,
And falling thank'd thee for a death of glory.

CHORUS.

We ſee, with pity ſee, the cruel pangs
Which rack the ſoul of Daura, and thy woes,
O chief, are great; yet to the aiding god
Obedient let us bend.

STARNO.

My child, my child,
The dews of death are o'er her—ſee, ſhe faints,
Retire, my Daura, piercing ſorrow ſhakes
Thy tender form—no, no, thou ſhalt not periſh—
Suſpend the rites, ye prieſts, and wait my orders.

[*Starno and Kelric go out.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Mark how the thickening tempeſt ſhades
The ſacred wood;
The god of battle frowns—
What guilty wretch ſhall dare
To ſnatch thy prey?
Fear ſhall damp his fainting heart,
Fear ſhall wing his coward ſteps
Amid the claſh of war.
What guilty wretch ſhall dare
To ſnatch thy prey?
No more the ſoldier's ſhout
Shall fire his ſoul,
And vainly mid the ranks
His ſlacken'd arm ſhall rear
The trembling blade.
What guilty wretch ſhall dare
To ſnatch thy prey?
Soon ſhall his waſted frame
Be toſt by blaſts,

Nor join the hero-race
Who rouſe the air-form'd deer,
And bend the miſty bow,
And guide their ſteeds of cloud;
High o'er the pine-capt heath
He'll wing his lonely way,
And kindred ghoſts ſhall ſhun
His hated haunts.

The End of the Firſt Act.

Nor join the hero-race.] That the departed enjoyed in their world of air the ſports they purſued on earth, that their dwellings, arms, and animals were formed of clouds, is a doctrine which is chiefly ſupported by the works of Oſſian; it diſagrees however with the Druidical opinions of a future ſtate as delivered by Cæſar. He ſays that they taught "non interire animos, ſed ab aliis poſt mortem tranſire in alios."

Act II.

SCENE.—A part of the Wood near to the Caſtle of Starno.

DAURA.

Ye once-lov'd halls! where oft I've heedleſs
ſtray'd
Cheer'd by a mother's ſmile; where oft my heart
Has leapt at ſounds of joy, which echoed loud
Amid your vaulted domes—Ye once-lov'd halls!
Where from my father's limbs I oft have pluck'd
The dinted mail of fight, and ſilent thank'd
The god who ſav'd him in the hour of peril—
Ye ſcenes of paſt delight—ah! how I hate you!
Bought with the price of blood, the blood of
him
I hold moſt dear—now, now, methinks, I ſee
The fatal knife uprear'd—this hand ſhall—no,
[*Starno and Kelric enter.*
He lives, he lives, my father yet has ſpar'd
His daughter's life—If thou haſt ever joy'd

To

To ſee me climbing round thy weary limbs,
If thou haſt ever wept for Daura loſt,
Save him who ſav'd thy child, his life is twin'd
With mine, and one blow ſtabs us both.—O hear me—
By all thy fondneſs for my infant prattle,
By all the love my riper years have ſhewn thee,
By my dead mother's ſhade—

STARNO.

He ſhall not die.

DAURA.

Eternal joy await thee.—Come, my father,
Come, let me preſs thee to my fluttering breaſt—
Kelric is mine.

STARNO.

Yes, Daura, let the prieſts
With other victims glut their thirſt of gore:
A milk-white bull ſhall ſtain the gloomy altar,
An offering for the captive.

DAURA.

DAURA.

This torn heart
O'erpower'd ſinks beneath me—

[*She goes out.*

STARNO, KELRIC, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Chieftain, already is the clouded ſun
Verg'd to the ſea, and e'er the dews of night
Fall on us, Heſus aſks the promis'd victim.

STARNO.

He ſhall not bleed.

CHORUS.

Not bleed?—Beware, O chief,
Beware the wrath of gods—the ſure revenge
Of Heſus threatens thee.—Look round—thy people
In thouſands fell before the Saxons' ſpear,
And ſcarcely half thy nation lives to hail thee.

What?—when the favouring god himſelf ſtept forth
And rear'd the ſword of conqueſt, wilt thou ſpare
The captive's life, nor heed the dreadful vow
Which calls down endleſs horrors on thy head,
If unaccompliſh'd?

STARNO.

Let theſe horrors fall;
I ſave my child, I ſave her brave deliverer;
Fir'd with ſucceſs, the courage of my tribes
No more ſhall flag—their ſwords ſhall—

CHORUS.

Daring man!
The nervous arm is frail when cow'd by guilt:
The proudeſt ſtrength is tame, when heav'n frowns on it.
This is not all—if thy inhuman heart
Thus mocks a people's woes, their pious zeal

May

May doom e'en thee their chieftain to de-
ſtruction:
Or to the ſlighted altar drag relentleſs
E'en Daura's ſelf.

STARNO.

And when ye lift the knife
She falls with Kelric. Hence, ye ſlaughtering
prieſts,
My ſoul is firmly fix'd.

CHORUS.

Yet hear again:
And if thou fear'ſt not heav'n, yet dread our
power;
Soon ſhall our lips pronounce the juſt decree
Thy crime deſerves.—Ne'er by the altar more
Thy foot accurs'd ſhall ſtand; no more thy clan
Shall know their chief; no more thy martial
bands

The juſt decree.] See Note on Druids.

Shall cloſe around thee; thro' thy empty halls
The wind ſhall howl, no feſtive ſong ſhall cheer
A wretched outcaſt; not thy daughter's ſelf
Shall call thee father—

KELRIC.

Lead me to your groves
A willing victim—Starno's manly ſoul
Shall view me ſcoffing at the pangs of death.

STARNO.

Yet ſtop, and let my future days be mark'd
With ceaſeleſs grief—or let the angry prieſts
Force me to death, ſtill, ſtill my child is ſafe
And Kelric lives her huſband.

KELRIC.

Kelric live?
A Saxon ſhrinks from life ſo baſely gain'd;
The warring bands would ſcorn to fight beſide me,
The bard would fear to name me in his ſong,
And when I gaz'd upon thy beauteous daughter,
Dear as ſhe is, her father's image then

Would

Would blaſt my joys. Lead on, ye holy men,
I hear no more—

[*Kelric, Starno, and part of the Chorus go out.*]

CHORUS.

God of the ſhining day,
Whoſe brow the blazing fillet binds
Which flames athwart the ſky,
And ſcatters liquid light,
Belinus, in yon beamy tract,

Belinus.] Beal, or Bealen, and with the Latin termination, Belinus*, was the God of the Sun, the Apollo of the Celts†; hence May-day was called the Bealtine, (or day of Belen's fire) by the native Iriſh, the Scotch Iſlanders, and the inhabitants of the Iſle of Man; this God correſponds in every reſpect with the Bel of the Phœnicians, the name of which deity ſignifies in the Phœnician language, the Sun‡.

* Gruter. and Reines. Inſcript.

† Βελιν δε καλουσι, τουτον δε σεβουσι ὑπερφυως, Απολλωνα ειναι εθελοντες.

Herodian, Lib. VIII.

‡ Bochart de Phœnic. Coloniis, Lib. I. xlii.—Selden de Dis Syriis Syntag. II. cap. 1.—Belus is interpreted ουρανος by Heſychius.

Did

Did e'er thy piercing eye behold
A ſcene of blacker woe?
Yet let not mortal voice accuſe
The will of gods;
Nor aſk the ſwelling ſtorm-peals why they
found,
Or vainly bid the heavens
Inwrap their fatal fire.

Aloft in murky air
Teutates rides,

Teutates.] Teutates was a Celtic deity in ſome reſpects reſembling the Greek Hermes*; from his name and employments he appears to have been the God Tauton of the Phœnicians†, or the Toth of Egypt‡. As the Celts conceived it proper to appeaſe Teutates by human ſacrifices§, they certainly attributed to him a malicious ſpirit, of which however we find no traces in the character aſcribed either to Tauton or to Toth.

* Cæſar de Bell. Gallic. Lib. VI. 7, and notes, (in Grævius' Edition)—Schedius de Dis German. p. 107, (Elz.)

† This god is mentioned in the remains of Sanchoniathon.

‡ Iablonſki. Pantheon Egypt. p. 156.

§ Lucan Pharſal. Lib. I.

And

And aims his pointed ſhaft:
They who fearleſs ſtemm'd
The rapid tide of war,
Before him bow their creſted helm,
And drop the gory ſpear.
They whoſe haughty ſouls
Exult with ſinful joy,
Before him bow their lofty head,
And keener feel his dart—
Reſiſtleſs power,
Avert thy rage
From Britain's ſhore;
Sink in thy ſable clouds
And wing the fearful ſtorm
To other climes.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

Act III.

SCENE—The Wood and the Altar.

CHORUS, STARNO, KELRIC.

STARNO.

Ye venerable men, with grief I lead
The deſtin'd offering to the unhewn altar.
Is all prepar'd?

CHORUS.

It is, the white rob'd prieſts
Have borne in ſnowy veſts the miſſeltoe

Cut

Unhewn altar.] The trilothons and other ancient Celtic altars, were formed of *rough ſtones.*—See Borlaſe's Cornwall, p. 200—King's Munimenta Antiq. Vol. I. p. 176—and his Remarks on Cromlechs, p. 216, 220 and 230, ſame Vol.

Miſſeltoe.] The miſſeltoe was held in the greateſt veneration by the Druids*; Pliny (Hiſtor. Nat. Lib. XVI. c. 44.) gives the following account of their mode of

* Alexander ab Alex. Gen. Dier. Lib. V. cap. iii.

cutting

Cut with their golden ſickles, from the wood
With ſolemn rites they've pluck'd the creeping
vervain,
And with bent knee on Heſus' altar laid it;
Around the pile is clos'd the myſtic ring
Of virgins, prieſts, and vigorous warriors.

cutting it; "omnia ſanantem appellantes, ſuo vocabulo, ſacrificiis epuliſque ritè ſub arbore præparatis, duos admovent candidi coloris tauros, quorum cornua tunc primum vinciantur. Sacerdos candida veſte cultus arborem ſcandit. Falce aureâ demetit, candido id excipitur ſago. Tum deinde victimas immolant.

Drayton in his Polyolbion, (Song 9) has a pleaſing deſcription of the ſame ceremony.

Vervain.] This was another ſacred plant of the Celts; two kinds of it are very accurately deſcribed by Pliny, (Hiſt. Nat. Lib. XXV. 9.) and the Celtic mode of gathering it, as we learn from the ſame author, was as follows: "colligi circa Canis ortum deberi, ita ut ne Luna aut Sol conſpiciat; favis ante et melle terra ad piamentum datis; circumſcriptam ferro effodi ſiniſtra manu, et in ſublimè tolli.

The vervain (verbenaca, verbena) was alſo much uſed by the *Romans* in their religious ceremonies*.

* Plinii Hiſt. Nat. as above.—Terent Andr. Act. iv. ſ. 5. Virgil. Bucolic. 8. 65.

CHORUS, STARNO, KELRIC, DAURA,

DAURA.

Before the lifted knife has reach'd his heart,
I come to take a laſt farewell of Kelric—
Turn not, unhappy youth, the eyes of love
On Daura's form;—frown, frown—thine angry glance
Shall ſwift deſtroy me—ah!—it will not be—
Why does my wretched ſpirit linger yet?—
Haſte to the floating clouds, and wing thy way
To meet the ghoſt of Kelric.

KELRIC.

Daura, Daura—
My firm nerves ſhake again, thy much lov'd voice
Again unmans me, that all-beauteous ſhape
Adds double horror to the deadly blow—
Why doſt thou come to melt my ſtruggling breaſt
And ſink my ſickly ſoul?—farewell, my love,
Remember Kelric, let his mournful image
Cleave

Cleave to thy heart, and when the ſhades of death
Shall dim thoſe tearful eyes, then haſte with joy
To meet his fond embrace in Odin's hall.

DAURA.

Hark—'tis a horrrid voice which ſhrieks—it cries
Who murder'd Kelric?—Daura, wretched Daura
Has pierc'd her lover's heart—enough—I go—
Farewell—farewell—we ſoon ſhall meet, my love—
Again it cries—Daura has murder'd Kelric—
Hence, hated ſound—
See, ſee a ghaſtly viſion riſes on me.
He bleeds, he bleeds—I mark his waving hand—
[*Goes out.*

KELRIC.

Delay no more, ye prieſts.

CHORUS.

Loudly ſtrike the golden harp,
While Echo from a thouſand rocks
Repeats the ſolemn ſtrains—
Haſte, haſte, thou dreadful god
And hover on the blaſt
Which bows the ruſtling wood
Around thy ſhrine—
Haſte and quit the field of ſpears,
In blood-ſtain'd arms attend
Our ſolemn rites.

When on the mountain's ſide
The prowling wolf diſcerns
The bleating flock,
Swift, ſwift he ſprings to carnage,
And bathes his ſhaggy ſides
In guſhing blood.

When in his airy courſe
The famiſh'd vulture hears

The

The dying groan,
The dying groan revives
His weaken'd frame,
He ſtops his rapid flight
And ſeaſts his hungry eyes
With human gore;
Thus does the warlike god delight
To view the purple flood,
And grateful to his ears
The ſhrieks of ſlaughter riſe;
Then let us lift the fatal knife
And in the victim's blood
Its ſhining point imbrue.

WARRIORS.

Raiſe the purple banners high
Rear aloft the boſſy ſhield
And ſhake the ſhining ſpear.
Heſus ſpies the gleam of arms
And haſtes to join the fight;
Now he fires the warrior's ſoul
And ſpeeds the forked dart;

Now

Now by the hero's ſide
He mounts the creaking car,
And palen'd hoſts retreat.
Long may his deſolating arm
Defend the Britiſh bands;
Long may the Saxon fear his rage
And view with ghaſtly look
The lightning of his eye;
Then lift, ye prieſts, the fatal knife,
And in the victim's blood
Its ſhining point imbrue.

VIRGINS.

Awake the tuneful voice,
And call with ſoothing ſounds
The god of war.

See in the glittering ranks
A father ſtands,
He lifts his ſtraining arm
To ſave his child—
Riſe, Heſus, riſe,

And

And caſt thy full-orb'd ſhield
Around his aged limbs—
Turn from his ſide the deadly dart
And ſend him back with victory.

See in the glittering ranks
A huſband ſtands,
His fair wife moans
Her abſent lord.
Now to her arms ſhe takes
Her blooming boy,
And prints the tender kiſs.
Now fondly gazes on his limbs,
And in his infant features ſees
His father's face—
The diſtant ſhout is heard—ſhe fearful turns—
Her cheek is pale,
And cloſer to her heart ſhe hugs
The lovely child.
Riſe, Heſus, riſe,
And caſt thy full-orb'd ſhield
Around her warrior's breaſt,

Turn from his ſide the deadly dart
And ſend him back with victory.

See in the glittering ranks
A lover ſtands;
The mournful maid he loves
With ſullen ſtep retires
To thickeſt ſhades,
There with her abſent warrior's form
She feaſts her gloomy ſoul—
Now ſhe ſees his manly frame
Stretch'd upon the purple plain,
She ſhrieks aloud and ſtarting flies
The horrid image fancy-rais'd—
Now in the paſſing gale
She hears his conquering tread,
And haſtes to twine the oaken wreath
To deck her lover's brow—
Joy ſparkles in her eyes,
But yet one lingering tear deſcends
And dews the ſhining leaves—
Riſe, Heſus, riſe,

And caſt thy full-orb'd ſhield
Around her warrior's breaſt,
Turn from his ſide the deadly dart
And ſend him back with victory.
And you, ye holy prieſts,
Uplift the fatal knife,
And in the victim's blood
Its ſhining point imbrue.

STARNO.

Hail, Heſus, hail,
To thee we pour
The conſecrated blood—

MESSENGER.

Stop, ſtop your ſolemn rites, I come to tell
A melancholy tale—with faltering ſtep
Fair Daura left theſe ſhades, ſhe reach'd at length
The caſtle-walls, and weeping ſought her chamber:
Sudden her ſervants heard the groans of death
Which iſſued from the room—they ruſh'd to
ſave her—

In vain they ruſh'd—her hands were ſtain'd
with blood,
And on her couch ſhe lay a breathleſs corſe.

[*Starno retires.*

KELRIC.

Strike, ſtrike, ye lingering prieſts—ſhe bled for
me—
My breaſt is bare—

[*The prieſt at the altar ſtabs him.*

Daura, we haſte to mix with happy gods—
We haſte to wander in Valhalla's groves
Where endleſs rapture gilds the winged hours—
Odin, receive my fainting ſoul, and ope
The doors of heaven—

[*Dies.*

CHORUS.

Retire thou golden ſun,
And ſhroud thy ruddy orb
In ſwarthy night,
Ye dreary ſhades reſound

With

With horrid wailings,
Let the death-owl's cry
Float thro' the ſacred wood;
For Daura falls,
And Kelric's guſhing blood
Stains the green earth.—
'Tis not in mortal mould confin'd
That deathleſs ſouls ſhall ſhare
Unmingled bliſs—
Beneath the bluſhing roſe
The thorn is hid,
Beneath the flowery bank
The ſerpent lurks unſeen,
And oft the cup of joy
Is dregg'd with bitter woe.
The azure ſky is calm,
The gale ſoft whiſpers in the bending trees,
The glaſſy lake reflects
The verdant ſhrubs around—
But ſoon the troubled air is gloom'd
With pitchy clouds,

Fell Taranis deſcends;
The deep-ton'd thunder roars
And fearing lightnings fly—
The angry ſpirit of the lake
Daſhes his dark-blue waves
And rides in foam.

Taranis.] Taranis was the Celtic Jupiter or god of the air*; his anger was averted by the ſame inhuman ſacrifices as thoſe offered to Teutates†; the name of Taranis is undoubtedly derived from a Phœnician word which ſignifies *thunder*; I am unable however to find any Syrian god who preciſely reſembles him.

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* Schedius as above.—An altar at Lowther, in Cumberland, mentioned by Selden (de Dis Syriis) and inſcribed "*Tramai*" (a word which the above mentioned writer profeſſes himſelf unable to explain) ſeems evidently to have been dedicated to this god.

† Et Tharamis Scythicæ non mitior ara Dianæ.
Lucan Pharſal.

The end of the Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

TRANSLATION

OF

THE CYCLOPS

OF

EURIPIDES.

IT is ſcarcely neceſſary to obſerve, that the Cyclops of Euripides cannot be read without much intereſt, whether it be merely conſidered as a compleat example of the *ancient Greek ſatyric drama*, or whether it be contemplated as a ſpecimen of the *comic* talents of a Poet peculiarly diſtinguiſhed in his tragic compoſitions by *tenderneſs* and *pathos*.

In tranſlating the abovementioned piece, I have omitted ſome paſſages which would have been juſtly diſpleaſing to an Engliſh reader; and I have occaſionally ventured (particularly in the choral odes) to deviate ſomewhat from the *letter*, with the hope of better preſerving, by this freedom, the *ſpirit* of the original.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SILENUS.

ULYSSES.

The CYLOPS.

CHORUS of SATYRS.

SCENE,

SICILY. Caves at the foot of Mount Ætna.

THE CYCLOPS.

Act I.

SILENUS.

O BACCHUS! what innumerable toils
I ſuffer for thy ſake—aye and have ſuffer'd
E'en from my earlieſt days—I well remember
When firſt, by Juno madden'd, we forſook
The mountain nymphs, thy nurſes—then again
Cloſe by thy ſide I fought the earth-born giants,
And thro' the ſhield of fierce Enceladon
Driving my ſpear, I ſlew him—ſoftly—ſoftly—
Did I not dream all this?—by Jove, not I—
'Tis fact—all fact—I ſhew'd the ſpoils to Bacchus—
Now my fates' harder ſtill—when Juno urg'd

Theſe Tyrrhene ſcoundrels to attack my maſter
And bear him off, I ſtraitway ſought a veſſel,
Took all my children with me, put to ſea
And ſail'd in queſt of Bacchus—while I ſteer'd
My boys here row'd—the green ſea foam'd around us—
Paſſing by Malea a wind ſprang up
Which drove us to theſe rocks—the rocks of Ætna—
Here dwell the one-ey'd children of the god
Who rules the ſea—a bloody, monſtrous race—
Captur'd by Polypheme, for him we toil—
No more we ſhout our god, but guard the herds
Of this accurſed Cyclops—on yon hills
My ſons now watch his flock—while I am doom'd
To ſweep his cave, to keep all clean within,
To wait upon him at his hateful meals—
Come, I muſt now to work, and ſweep, and ſcrape
That all be neat—what's this?—my ſons approach
Driving their flocks—hark—hark,—does this reſemble

The Bacchanalian ſhouts, the choral ſongs
Mingled with muſick in Althæa's halls?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Where, O flocks of nobleſt race,
Where, acroſs the barren rocks,
Would you ſtray?

There no cooling breezes play,
There no tempting herbage ſprings,
There no curling eddies guſh—
Come to the dewy field
Come to your maſter's fold—

SEMI-CHORUS.

Soon will your ſwelling dugs receive
The tender lambs,
Rouzed from their ſlumbers, hark, they bleat
And call their dams.
Come to your maſter's fold,
Come to the ſhady dell.—

No ſongs of Bromius here reſound,
No Thyrſus-bearing crouds advance—
Where are the revelling nymphs,
And where the clattering drums
Loud-echoing o'er the ſtreams?

CHORUS.

I ſhout the Bromian lay;
On Venus ſtill I call,
Venus, whom oft I've ſought
With Bacchus' ſportive train—
O friendly god, O deareſt youth,
Where is thy lonely ſeat?
Where doſt thou, mourning, ſhake
Thy golden hair?
Far from thy cheering looks
In coarſeſt garb I pine
The monſter's ſlave.—

SILENUS.

Be ſilent, children; haſte and drive your flocks
Into the rocky caves.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

We will, my father,
But why ſo urgent?

SILENUS.

Cloſe upon the ſhore
I ſee a Grecian veſſel, and its crew
Led by their Captain, ſeem to bend their courſe
This way—they 're ſurely ſeeking food and water,
They bear ſome empty veſſels—wretched ſtrangers
Who can they be? alas! they cannot know
The nature of our maſter—little think they
That landing on theſe hated ſhores, they come
The ſelf-doom'd victims of the Cyclops' jaws—
Now be ye quiet, children, whilſt I aſk
What fate has thrown them on the ſhores of Sicily—

[*Enter Ulyſſes and his Crew.*

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

O ſay, my friends, where can we find a ſpring
To ſlake our thirſt? where can we purchaſe food
To ſtore our veſſel?—this is very ſtrange—
Sure 'tis a Bromian city—all around—
Within, without the caves, there's nought but Satyrs;
I will addreſs the oldeſt—Hail! old man.

SILENUS.

Hail! ſtranger,—quickly tell me who thou art
And whence thou comeſt—

ULYSSES.

Thou behold'ſt Ulyſſes.

SILENUS.

I've heard of him—he is the verieſt prater—

ULYSSES.

I'm he, I ſay,—ſpare your abuſe, my friend,—

SILENUS.

SILENUS.

And pray whence came you laſt?

ULYSSES.

I came from Troy.

SILENUS.

Hadſt thou not wit enough to find thy home?

ULYSSES.

By adverſe winds I'm driven to this coaſt.

SILENUS.

Alas! thy fate and mine are much alike.

ULYSSES.

Where you then driven to this land by ſtorms?

SILENUS.

Yes, running after thieves who ſtole my maſter.—

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

What place is this, and who inhabit it?

SILENUS.

This Isle is Sicily—this mountain Ætna.

ULYSSES.

Where are your cities?—where your lofty walls?

SILENUS.

We have no cities, and no walls but rocks.

ULYSSES.

Who then dwell here, a race of savage beasts?

SILENUS.

The Cyclops dwell here, caverns are their houses.

ULYSSES.

Have they a ruler?—what's their mode of life?

SILENUS.

SILENUS.

They're wandering Shepherds, no one heeds the other.

ULYSSES.

Do they not till the ground?—What food have they?

SILENUS.

They've milk and cheeſe;—ſometims they feaſt on fleſh.

ULYSSES.

Have they not here the liquor of the grape?

SILENUS.

No—not a drop—O 'tis a curſed country.

ULYSSES.

And are the Cyclops very kind to gueſts?

SILENUS.

SILENUS.

O very kind—they prize no fleſh ſo highly.

ULYSSES.

What ſay you?—fleſh of gueſts!—they cannot eat them?

SILENUS.

Yes but they do,—they butcher all they catch.

ULYSSES.

Where is the Cyclops? is he in his cave?

SILENUS.

No, he is hunting, with his dogs, on Ætna.

ULYSSES.

Be briſk then, my good friend, and dont detain us.

SILENUS.

What ſhould I do? I'm ready to befriend you.

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

Procure us food—

SILENUS.

There's nothing here but fleſh—

ULYSSES.

Well that will do—

SILENUS.

And cheeſe, and milk of cows—

ULYSSES.

Bring it all forth, let's look before we buy.

SILENUS.

And how much gold then will you give me for it?

ULYSSES.

None—none at all—I'll give a draught of wine.

SILENUS.

SILENUS.

Wine?—ſweeteſt found!—how long ſince I have taſted—

ULYSSES.

Maron himſelf beſtow'd the precious gift.

SILENUS.

Maron?—how oft I've nurs'd him in theſe arms.

ULYSSES.

The ſon of Bacchus, as you well remember.

SILENUS.

Is the wine with you or on board your ſhip?

ULYSSES.

This is the ſkin which holds it—look, my friend—

SILENUS.

That?—why there's ſcarce enough to wet my gullet—

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

I have much more than this—

SILENUS.

O the dear fountain!
So ſweet, ſo grateful—

ULYSSES.

Will you pleaſe to taſte it?

SILENUS.

Aye, by all means,—I'll taſte before I buy—

ULYSSES.

See! I have brought a cup too with the ſkin—

SILENUS.

Come fill it then—

ULYSSES.

Here—drink—

SILENUS.

SILENUS.

Ah—ah—it ſmells well.

ULYSSES.

Then taſte it, praiſe it not by words alone—

SILENUS.

I do—moſt excellent—it makes me merry ;
I long to dance—ha—ha—

ULYSSES.

It goes down ſweetly—

SILENUS.

O I can feel it at my fingers ends—

ULYSSES.

I'll give you money too—

SILENUS.

Plague on the money,
Give me but wine enough I aſk no more—

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

Now then, good Satyr, bring the cheeſe, the lambs—

SILENUS.

I'll do it—what care I for maſter now?
For one full cup of that delicious liquor
I'd barter all the food of all the Cyclops,
And then leap headlong from the jutting rock
Into the ſea—I mean, if I were drunk
I'd do all this—O, he who drinks unmov'd
Is ſurely mad. * * * * *
This cup's the cure of ſorrow—how I'd drain it!—
Plague on the Cyclops—Hark, my friend, a word with ye.

ULYSSES.

Speak to me freely as becomes a friend.

SILENUS.

Did you take Troy?

ULYSSES.

We did—

SILENUS.

And Helen too?

ULYSSES

And Helen—and deſtroy'd the houſe of Priam.

SILENUS.

And when you had her ſafe did all your ſoldiers
Kiſs her? ſhe always lik'd to change her huſbands;
Lur'd by a ſplendid dreſs and golden chains,
The traitreſs left that worthy man her lord;
O would the race of women were extinct!
Except a few—juſt for my private uſe—
Here, great Ulyſſes, here is fleſh, and milk,
And cheeſe in plenty—take it and be gone,
But leave that goodly ſkin inſtead of it—

ULYSSES.

See, ſee—the Cyclops—'tis all over with us—
What ſhall we do? where fly?

SILENUS.

SILENUS.

Enter this cave,

And hide yourſelf.

ULYSSES.

What? ruſh into his nets?

SILENUS.

Never mind that, he cannot find you there—

ULYSSES.

No, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid that I who ſtood
Oppos'd to thouſands of the Phrygian ſpears
Could fear to face one man—it ſhall not be,—
If we muſt periſh let us periſh bravely,
Or if we live, our fame ſhall flouriſh with us—

SILENUS.

Pr'ythee don't loiter—

End of Act Firſt.

Act II.

CYCLOPS, ULYSSES, SILENUS, AND CHORUS.

CYCLOPS.

What means this uproar? this is not the hall
Of the revelling god—here are no drums, no cymbals—
Are my lambs ſafe within? do they ſuck well,
And friſk around the ewes? where are the cheeſes?
Have ye made plenty of them?—out, ye oafs!—
Why dont ye ſpeak?—this ſtaff will cure your dumbneſs,
Look up—ye ſtand like dolts—

SILENUS.

'An pleaſe you, maſter,
I do look up—I ſee the heavens, the ſtars,
I think I ſee Orion—

CYCLOPS.

CYCLOPS.

Where's my ſupper?

SILENUS.

'Tis ready—bleſſings on your appetite;

CYCLOPS.

Are all my goblets fill'd with freſh-drawn milk?

SILENUS.

All full—O you may drink a ſea of it—

CYCLOPS.

What milk? ſheeps?—cows?—

SILENUS.

O every kind of milk,
Drink what you pleaſe, but don't gulp me down
with it,

CYCLOPS.

CYCLOPS.

No, no, you're ſafe enough—my maw would ſplit
With ſuch a capering fool in it as you are—
Raſcal, what croud is that about my cave?—
A gang of robbers?—ſee they ſteal my cheeſe—
They're loaded with my lambs—what ails you?
—ſpeak
Your eyes are ſwell'd—your head—

SILENUS.

Alas! good maſter,
I'm beaten to a jelly—woe is me!

CYCLOPS.

Who beat you, Satyr?

SILENUS.

Thoſe ſame rogues and thieves there—
I fought to the laſt—I could not ſave your lambs—

CYCLOPS.

CYCLOPS.

Did not the ſcoundrels know I was a god,
Deſcended from the gods too?

SILENUS.

So I told them—
But ſtill they ſtole your goods and ate your cheeſe—
As to yourſelf, they ſaid they'd tie you faſt
To a long ſtake, and thro' that eye of yours
They'd ſpin your bowels—and beſides all this
They ſwore they'd flog you—bind you neck and heels
Together, clap you in the hold of the ſhip,
And ſell you for a maſon's labourer—

CYCLOPS.

Indeed! be briſk then—ſharpen well my knives—
Light a huge fire—I'll cut the throats of the dogs—
I'll eat'em hot and hot—ſome I will ſtew—

I'm

I'm tir'd of mountain food, of ſtags and lions—
'Tis years ſince I have taſted human fleſh.

SILENUS.

It makes a pretty change—moſt wond'rous plea-
ſant—
And 'tis not often that we catch a ſtranger—

ULYSSES.

O Cyclops! liſten to thy gueſts awhile—
We wander'd from our ſhips to purchaſe food;
We chanc'd to find thy caves; the Satyr here
Willingly ſold us for a draught of wine
Theſe lambs and cheeſe—we ſeized on nought
by force;
Now he denies all this—falſely denies it
Merely becauſe thou caught'ſt him at his tricks.

SILENUS.

I?—may'ſt thou periſh—

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

If I ſpeak not truly—

SILENUS.

I ſwear by Neptune, father of the Cyclops,
I ſwear by Triton, by Calypſo fair,
By all the Nereides, by the ſacred ſeas,
By every fiſh that ſwims—I ſwear, O Cyclops!
O my dear little maſter, 'yes, I ſwear,
I never ſold him aught—if my oath's falſe
May theſe, my deareſt children ſadly periſh!

CHORUS.

Stop—ſtop—in juſtice to our gueſts I ſpeak—
The ſtrangers bought the goods—if this be falſe
May my dear father periſh—

CYCLOPS.

Peace—ye lie—
I'd rather truſt this man than Rhadamanthus—
But I would aſk you ſtrangers whence you came—
Where were you born?

ULYSSES.

We're Ithacans by birth—
From Troy we came, which now is lain in aſhes—
Tempeſtuous winds have driv'n us on thy
ſhores.

CYCLOPS.

So—ye are the men who took a trip to Troy
To ſeize that runaway, that traitreſs Helen.

ULYSSES.

We are and much we've ſuffer'd in our battles—

CYCLOPS.

A precious fet!—'twas well worth while to fight
Thoſe bloody battles for one trumpery woman—

ULYSSES.

Such was the will of fate—then blame not us—
But now, O ſon of the illuſtrious ſea god,
Humbly we aſk thee (for we muſt ſpeak plainly)

Not

Not to deſtroy us—ſpare, O ſpare thy gueſts,
Nor glut thy ſtomach with an impious feaſt;
Reflect, O Cyclops, on the many honours
Thy father ſhares in Greece, think of his temples,
His ſacred harbours, caves, and promontories,
Conſider too the glory gain'd to Greece
By puniſhing the Trojans; of this glory
Thou haſt thy ſhare tho' dwelling thus retir'd
Beneath the fire-diſtilling mount—O hear us!
Let ſoft humanity yet touch thy heart!
Scorn not th' entreaties of a ſuppliant ſtranger,
Bring forth the gifts of friendſhip—mighty gods!
To pierce with pointed ſpits our quivering limbs!
Alas! the plains of Troy have ſwallowed up
Far, far too many—Greece is deſolate—
The widows weep their huſbands—grey-hair'd parents
Lament their ſons—wilt thou conſume, O Cyclops,
The poor remains?—where ſhall we turn for pity?
Have mercy on us! think not of a banquet
So foul, ſo impious—O reſpect the gods—

Reflect how often wicked deeds have prov'd
The bane of thoſe who wrought them—

SILENUS.

Hark ye, maſter,
I'll give you my advice—by all means eat
That proſing fellow, and be ſure to ſwallow
His tongue—what a dear pretty prattling Cyclops
You'll then become—

CYCLOPS.

Gain is the wiſe man's god,
All elſe is empty ſhew and idle boaſting—
Doſt think me fool enough to care what honours
Greece pays my father?—What's all that to me?
I tell thee, man, I do not even dread
The thunderbolts of Jove—for aught I know
I am as great a god as Jove himſelf—
I care not for him—let his thunders roar,
Let him daſh down his floods—I'm ſafe enough—
Snug in my cave I eat, and drink, and ſnore—
And when the Thracian Boreas ſhoots his ſnows,
I cloath

I cloath me warm in ſkins—I light a fire,
And laugh at froſt and ſnow—the earth beneath me,
Whether ſhe will or no, muſt throw out herbage
To feed my flocks, and thoſe I offer only
To one moſt mighty god, this paunch of mine—
To eat, to drink, to care for nought beſides,
This is the wiſe man's plan—plague on the rogues
Who gave you laws, who fixt your rules of life;
I know no laws but theſe, to pleaſe myſelf,
To fill my belly, and to eat you up—
As to the preſents that you prate about
They ſha'nt be wanting—I will ſhare among you
Fire, and the cauldron of my fore fathers—
'Tis big enough for all of you—go in—
Go in I ſay—and learn my mode of feaſting—

ULYSSES.

Alas! alas! eſcap'd from Trojan ſpears,
From ſwelling ſurges, what a fate awaits us!
The monſter's heart is harder than his rocks.
O Pallas, goddeſs ſprung from Jove himſelf,

Now

Now, now defend us! dangers tenfold blacker
Than thoſe we fac'd at Troy ſurround us here—
O thou, who ſitt'ſt above the glittering ſtars,
Look down upon us, ſave us, Jove, O ſave us.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Open, O Polypheme, thy mighty jaws;
Behold prepar'd
The roaſt, the boil'd—
I ſee thy grinders tear
The hateful food, freſh ſeeth'd
Within the hairy ſkin—

SEMI-CHORUS.

O could I quit, for ever quit
Theſe gloomy caves,
Theſe impious feaſts.
Ah, cruel, bloody wretch,
Who hear'ſt, but hear'ſt unmov'd
E'en at the ſacred hearth
The ſuppliant's prayer—

End of Act Second.

Act III.

ULYSSES, CHORUS.

ULYSSES.

O mighty Jove! within th' accurſed cave
I've ſeen a ſight which man can ſcarcely credit,
It is not human—

CHORUS.

Has the hated Cyclops
Devour'd thy friends?—

ULYSSES.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Two have already ſuffer'd and the reſt
Trembling like birds, now ſculk within his cave:
I dar'd to approach the monſter—waited on him,
And when I found his hunger was appeas'd,
A thought came croſs me—ſtrait I fill'd a cup

With

With potent wine and gave it him to drink;
Take this, I ſaid, this is the luſcious juice
Which Greece produces, and which Bacchus doats on;
The Cyclops, gorg'd with fleſh, received the cup
And drain'd it at one draught—dear gueſt, cries he,
Thou giv'ſt me liquor worthy of my banquet!
While he ſtill ſmack'd his lips, I carried to him
A ſecond doſe, for well I new the wine
Would do its duty—ſtrait he 'gan to ſing—
Cup after cup he drain'd—I plied him well—
He's hot enough—and now, amidſt my friends,
He makes the cavern echo to his ſhouts
And uncouth ſongs—I ſilently ſtole off—
Fain would I ſave myſelf and you too Satyrs;
Say, will you quit the wretch and ſport again
I 'the courts of Bacchus and the Danaides?
Your father there within, approves my counſel,
But he is weak and tottering, and he clings
Cloſe to the cup as if he ſtuck by bird-lime—
Ye are both young and active—join me then—
And ſeek your ancient maſter Bromius—

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Ah! my good friend, would I might ſee the day
When I ſhall fairly 'ſcape the monſter's clutches
Here is no muſick—all is dead and joyleſs—
But we have no reſource—

ULYSSES.

You have, my friend,
Hear but my plan—ſeverely will I puniſh
This hated beaſt, and give you liberty.

CHORUS.

Say, how? with keener joy I'd hear his groans
Than the ſoft tinklings of the harp of Aſias.

ULYSSES.

The Cyclops, hot with wine, will long to join
His brethren at their feaſts—

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

I underſtand thee,
And we muſt watch his ſteps—catch him alone,
And ſtrangle him, or hurl him from the rocks—

ULYSSES.

I mean not that—our work is not ſo plain—

CHORUS.

How then? long, long ago we've heard, Ulyſſes,
The rumour of thy cunning.

ULYSSES.

Thus then, Satyrs,
I will perſuade him not to quit his home;
I'll tell him he'd be mad to ſhare his wine
With any other Cyclops—here I'll fix him—
And when the potent god has laid him low,
I'll ſharpen ſome huge ſtake and fire its point,
And as the ſhip-wright bores with whirling auger,

So

So will we bore, with the ſtill-flaming ſhaft,
The eye of Polypheme—

CHORUS.

'Tis well—'tis well.

ULYSSES

When we've thus blinded him, thy ſelf, thy father,
And all our friends ſhalt haſte aboard my ſhip,
And row away moſt merrily—

CHORUS.

O glorious!
But ſay, Ulyſſes, ſhalt thou need our aid
To twirl the ſtake?

ULYSSES.

Yes truly—'twill be weighty—

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O! I would work like fifty carts and horſes,
Could I but blind the dog, and root out thoroughly
That waſp's neſt eye of his—

ULYSSES.

Be ſilent now—
When I command, be ready—tho' I've quitted
My friends within, and might eſcape alone,
Yet I ſhould ſcorn to do it; we will live
Or die together—

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who firſt, who laſt ſhall ſeize
The burning brand,
And plunge its fiery point,
Within the radiant orb?—

SEMI-CHORUS.

Hark, hark, I hear within
The ſound of ſong,

The ſwelling notes are harſh
The minſtrel rude—
Lo! from the rocky cave
Th' unwieldy Cyclops reels;
O haſte and join his ſtrains—

SEMI-CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy he
Who quaffs the luſcious juice,
Happy in the purple flood
Which ſparkling flows around!
How ſweet on downy turf reclin'd
To laugh the ſummer hours away,
With her we love!
How ſweet, by Bacchus fir'd, to trace
The winning graces of her form,
To mark the down-caſt beamy eye
And catch the fragrance of her breath!

End of Act Third.

Act IV.

CYCLOPS, ULYSSES, SILENUS, CHORUS.

CYCLOPS.

Whither, whither ſhall I wander,
Joyous from my rich repaſt?
As a deeply laden veſſel
Well I'm ſtored with food and wine—
The glowing verdure of the field,
The cooling breezes of the ſpring,
Entice me to forſake
The gloomy, ſtill retreat,
To join the Cyclops feaſts—

CHORUS.

See he comes, his ſhining orb,
Like a flaming pine-tree burns,
Roſeate tints have fluſh'd his ſkin
Brighter than the hue of nymphs
Sporting in their dewy caves;

Haſte

Haſte and ſhade his manly brow
With wreaths of flowers—

ULYSSES.

Hear me, O Cyclops, and I'll tell thee all
Th' adventures of the god thou lov'ſt ſo well.

CYCLOPS.

And doſt thou call this liquor then a god?

ULYSSES.

No doubt—the ſweeteſt comforter of mortals.

CYCLOPS.

Truly he warms my ſtomach pleaſantly—

ULYSSES.

O! he's the beſt of gods, he never harms us—

CYCLOPS.

And is he pleas'd with dwelling in a ſkin?

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

Aye, put him where you will, he's always eaſy.

CYCLOPS.

Surely he might have had ſome better cloathing?

ULYSSES.

Who heeds his covering if the god be good?

CYCLOPS.

True 'tis no matter.

ULYSSES.

Do not leave us, Cyclops—
Stay where you are, and drink and drink again.

CYCLOPS.

Shall I [illegible] give ſome liquor to my brethren?

ULYSSES.

No—you'll be mightier if you keep it all.

CYCLOPS.

CYCLOPS.

I ſhall be civiler if I let them taſte it.

ULYSSES.

Such drinking-bouts too often end in blood.

CYCLOPS.

O! were I doubly drunk no one dares touch me.

ULYSSES.

Still I adviſe you not to quit your cave.

CYCLOPS.

Poh! he's a fool who loves to drink alone.

ULYSSES.

A wiſe man, if he's drunk, will ſtay at home—

CYCLOPS.

What ſhall I do, Silenus?

SILENUS.

Never budge,
I ſee no wit in ſeeking other mouths.

CYCLOPS.

Well, here the graſs looks freſh—

SILENUS.

'Tis mighty pleaſant
To booze i' the ſunſhine—pleaſe to ſit, good maſter—

CYCLOPS.

Why do you place the cup behind me, raſcal?

SILENUS.

Leſt any one ſhould touch it.

CYCLOPS.

Out—I ſay—
You drink my liquor, rogue, behind my back;
Here,

Here, place the cup in ſight—approach me, gueſt,
Tell me thy name—thy name—

ULYSSES.

My name is, No-one.
But ſay, O Cyclops, what return you'll make me
For all the kind attentions I have ſhewn you.

CYCLOPS.

I'll eat thee laſt of all—

ULYSSES.

That's very handſome.

CYCLOPS.

What are you doing, ſcoundrel, are you drinking?

SILENUS.

No—not a drop—only my eyes are dim,
And I look'd cloſe to ſee the curious carving
On this moſt goodly cup.

CYCLOPS.

Take care, take care—
Here—pour me out a cup-full—fill to the brim.

SILENUS.

And how much water ſhall I mix with it?

CYCLOPS.

None—none—come, bring it—

SILENUS.

Stop, I'll fetch a wreath
And place it on thy head—beſides 'tis proper
That I, as cup-bearer ſhould taſte the liquor—

CYCLOPS.

Plague on this trifling.

SILENUS.

Trifling? not at all,
The liquor's much too good to trifle with—
Come blow your noſe—and then I give the cup—

CYCLOPS.

CYCLOPS.

There, there, you fool, my lips and beard are clean—

SILENUS.

Now you ſhould drink it in a proper poſture
Reclining gracefully—here—ſee me do it—
Thus—thus—

(drinks.)

CYCLOPS.

Hold, hold, you raſcal—

SILENUS.

Deareſt heart!
I've drunk it out before I was aware of 't.

CYCLOPS.

Out, oaf—come, gueſt, be thou my cup-bearer.

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

With all my heart—I'm us'd to ſuch employment—

CYCLOPS.

Now fill the goblet.

ULYSSES.

Yes, I do—be quiet—

CYCLOPS.

'Tis not ſo eaſy to be drunk and quiet—

ULYSSES.

Here, take the goblet, drain it at a draught—
Would he might ſwallow it!—

CYCLOPS.

'Tis well—'tis well
O! what a charming wood the vine-tree's made of!

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

After your meal you cannot drink too much—
Drench yourſelf well—then ſink to ſweeteſt
ſlumber,
Leave not a drop—

CYCLOPS.

How's this? my brains are ſwimming,
The ſky and earth whirl round me—now I ſpy
The throne of Jove—I ſee the gods aſſembled—
What tho' the Graces court me—I'll not kiſs'em.
Hence, hence, and let me ſleep.

SILENUS.

Aye, go thy ways.

(Ulyſſes conducts the Cyclops into his cave and returns.)

ULYSSES.

Now, ye brave ſons of Bacchus, all is ready,
The

The monſter ſleeps—the pointed ſtake is flaming,
Now let's to work—be men, my friends, be men—

CHORUS.

O! we have hearts of adamant—return—
We'll quickly follow—

ULYSSES.

Vulcan, lord of Ætna,
Now do thy duty—ſleep thou ſon of night,
Reſt heavy on the wretch—What? ſhall a band
So bold, ſo fam'd as our's inglorious periſh;
And fall the victims of an impious Cyclops?

CHORUS.

See they ſeize the monſter's neck;
See they point the fiery dart,
And plunge it deep—
Bacchus, Bacchus, fight for us,
Soon again my longing eyes
Shall view thy beauteous front
With ivy-crown'd—

End of Act Fourth.

Act V.

ULYSSES, CHORUS, CYCLOPS.

(The latter in his cave.)

ULYSSES.

Peace, peace,—by all the gods, I pray you, ſilence,
Breathe not a word, nor cough, nor wink your eye,
Leſt ye may rouze the Cyclops from his ſlumbers—

CHORUS.

There—there—we'll hold our breath—

ULYSSES

Come in, I ſay,
And help to do the deed—

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

We cannot ſtir—

ULYSSES.

Are ye all lame?

CHORUS.

I rather think we are,
Our legs ſhake under us—

ULYSSES.

Ye ſeem convuls'd.

CHORUS.

'Tis very ſtrange—I'm ſure we cannot help thee,
But we can ſing an Orphic ode—

ULYSSES.

O cowards!
Well—be it ſo—I and my brave companions
Will do without you—ſing ſome cheering ditty.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

How baſe is fear—the truly brave,
Snatch the deathleſs wreath of fame,
Shouting crouds their ſteps attend.
Warriors, raiſe the ſinewy arm,
Deeper, deeper, plunge your fires;
Warriors, work the deed of wrath,
Laugh to ſcorn the monſter's groans,
And ſtain with impious blood
The maſſy ſhaft—

CYCLOPS.—*(From within.)*

Alas! alas! I'm blinded, ſcorch'd and pierc'd.

CHORUS.

O! ſing that ſtrain again!

CYCLOPS.

CYCLOPS.

Alas! alas!

I periſh, I am blinded—do not think
The dogs will 'ſcape me yet—here by this entrance
I'll ſtand and clofe it with my arms. Alas!

CHORUS.

Cyclops, what means this clamour? haſt thou reel'd
Into the fire?

CYCLOPS.

No-one, I ſay, has pierc'd me—

CHORUS.

Then No-one is to blame.

CYCLOPS.

No-one has blinded me—

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Then thou canſt ſee—

CYCLOPS.

Would thou couldſt ſee no better!

CHORUS.

And how did No-one blind thee?

CYCLOPS.

Out, thou ſcoffer!

Where is that No-one?

CHORUS.

He is no where, Cyclops.

CYCLOPS.

That curſed gueſt, I tell thee, has deſtroyed me,
He gave me drink that burnt my fleſh—where
is he?

Where

Where are my other gueſts? have they eſcaped?
Or are they in my cave?

CHORUS.

They're in thy cave.

CYCLOPS.

Where—where?

CHORUS.

They're cloſe beneath the rock—thou haſt them—

CYCLOPS.

Alas! I've ſplit my ſkull againſt this ridge here.

CHORUS.

And now thou'lt loſe them—

CYCLOPS.

Tell me where they are—

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

There—there—

CYCLOPS.

I cannot catch them—

CHORUS.

There again,
More to the left.

CYCLOPS.

Alas! alas! thou mock'ſt me—

CHORUS.

Now I'll ſpeak truly, Cyclops, they're before thee—

ULYSSES.

Yes, monſter, far enough from thee, and know
Ulyſſes leads them hence—

CYCLOPS.

CYCLOPS.

What? haſt thou chang'd
Thy name then, and procured a new one?——

ULYSSES.

No—I keep that my father gave to me—
I tell thee that I glory in thy ſufferings,
I ſhould have bluſh'd when Troy was ſpoken of
Had I not puniſh'd thy deteſted crime—
And now I quit thee—ſoon my ſhip ſhall bear me
To my much long'd for country—

CYCLOPS.

Never, never,
I'll follow to the ſea—tear up a rock,
And hurl it on your veſſel—

CHORUS.

We ſhall join
Ulyſſes' crew and ſeek our jolly god—

*CHORUS.

Bear me, O! Bacchus, to thy ſunny hills
Where twiſted tendrils bend
Beneath the cluſtering grape!
With ready hand I'll preſs
The purple ſpoils,
And drain the fragrant ſtream.—

Hail, Bromius, ivy-crowned king,
Leader of the revelling bands,
Thyrſus-bearing Bromius, hail!
What is man without thy gifts?
Dull and formal, ſtern and cold—
Thy liquid treaſures warm the heart
Thy piercing juices fire the brain,
And all around is love and joy—
Laughing

* I have taken the liberty of adding this final chorus to the piece, in order to break the abruptneſs of the concluſion.

Laughing Venus quaffs thy cup,
Quicker pants her heaving breaſt,
Redder roſes tinge her cheeks,
Lighter graces ſwim around her.

Hail! Bacchus, hail! O bear me ſwift
Where clanging cymbals echo ſhrill
Mixt with the Bacchanalian ſhout!—
See the ſportive nymphs advance!
Their light robes floating in the breeze;
Scattering a thouſand ſweeteſt ſcents,
They jocund wave their ſhining locks
And twine the wanton dance.—

End of Act Fifth.

PANDORA.

A

MONODRAMA.

Jam ſigna ruendi
His dedit——————confuſaque rurſus
Natura timet.

CLAUDIAN.

PANDORA.

Pandora paſſing from Heaven to Earth.

HOW my heart throbs with joy—a hand divine
Has form'd theſe finiſh'd limbs, celeſtial fire
Darts thro' my veins, the choiceſt gifts of gods
Are pour'd upon me—can I e'er forget
Their ſplendid council in the flame-tipt clouds,
When firſt from Vulcan's touch I ſprang to life,
And dazzled ſhrunk before their blaze of glory?
Aloft on golden throne great Jove was ſeated,
O'er his broad front the cluſtering treſſes fell

And

And mildly beam'd his eyes—ariſe, ye gods,
His awful voice exclaim'd, ariſe and ſhed
Your richeſt bleſſings on Pandora's form;
He ſpake, majeſtic from his ſide aroſe
The queen of heaven, around thy ſteps, ſhe cried,
Shall float a ſtately grace—with roſes crown'd
The laughter-loving Venus next advanc'd
Light as the ſummer breeze, and ſmiling ſaid
O'er thy fair cheeks I caſt a crimſon tint,
Thy melting eyes ſhall ſwim in ſofteſt luſtre,
Thy ſwelling breaſts be moulded to the form
Of Hebe's cup, be white as drifted ſnow—
And while ſhe ſpake, a thouſand odours roſe,
A thouſand ſportive loves briſk fluttering round
Fann'd the warm air—The god with golden locks
Then came—be eloquent as fair, he cried,
For what avails the radiance of thine eyes
The bloſſoms of thy cheeks, if honied words
Dwell not upon thoſe lips, thy ſpeech ſhall fall
Soft as the dews of eve; then circling gods
Preſt on me to beſtow their varied honours;
Enough,

Enough, cried Jove, ſhe's perfect—take this caſket
Faſt bound in glittering ribs, and bear it hence
To where Prometheus 'bides—beware, O nymph,
To ope its ſilver claſps—I bow'd obedient—
This caſket!—is Prometheus then ſo lov'd?
Daring Prometheus?—from the fiery cope
He ſtole forbidden flames—the vulture tore
His bleeding heart—and do the gods reward him?
To him they doom Pandora, doom to him
The rare device this adamant enfolds—
Why is it thus?—what enviable gift
Is here contain'd?—not look at it!—O Jove,
Where was the goddeſs of the tinted arch
Thy wonted meſſenger?—why, to my hands
Conſign the prize?—perchance the god was ſportive
And wiſh'd to try me—'tis an empty caſket—
Or if 'tis not, its ſecret ſtore perhaps

Would

Would prove to me a bane—I'll think no more
on't—
How broad the way, 'tis trac'd with milky beams—
Lo! there's the earth, it floats in circling air,
Its towering hills are tipt with ſteady light,
In yon dark ſhades the billowy waters lurk,
Once huge and ſhapeleſs, now a viewleſs mind
Has mov'd its jarring atoms, rang'd its forms,
And o'er its fertile ſurface ſcatter'd wide,
The glow of life—ah, how I long to ſtray
Amid its flowery vales—there quiet dwells—
No more the giant-arms high heap the moun-
tains
To reach this ſtarry bridge, no more the light-
nings
Flaſh horribly around—all—all, all is peace—
I ſoon ſhall reach it—how the fam'd Prome-
theus
Will gaze enamoured on my youthful charms.
What?—can Jove ſend him too a nobler gift
Than fair Pandora?——ſure the caſket holds
Ambroſial food—that makes the gods immortal—
Would

Would I could taſte it—nay, 'tis poiſon rather—
O deep revenge! and thus to ſnatch Prometheus
Delighted from my arms—it cannot be—
Jove bade me bleſs the earth, he bade me rear
A blooming offspring—would he ſlay my huſband?—
Ah were it thus?—I'll ope it—ſhall I thwart
The dread commands of heaven?—ſome dire diſtreſs
Would fall upon me—Think what dreadful woes
Prometheus ſuffered—think what endleſs pangs
Torment the Titans—theirs were crimes indeed—
But what is this?—Among the other gods
I well remember Mars; he caſt upon me
A furious look, be bold, he cried, O maid,
Be bold above thy ſex—and now's the time—
O'er the vaſt ſky a ſolemn ſilence broods,
No eye beholds me, I've already paſt
The monſters of the air, the fiery archer,
The flaming goat, the writhing ſerpent's fold;

Whate'er the caſket holds it cannot 'ſcape me—
What if it 'ſcapes, and Jove ſhould know my guilt?
Sure this all-perfect form, theſe ſmiles of love,
The touching accents of my roſy lips
May win forgiveneſs from the thunderer's ſelf—
Yes, yes, the god expects my diſobedience—
I tremble ſtill—aſſiſt me Mars—'tis done.

[*Opening the caſket.*

What!—empty!—empty!—yet methought a wind
As of a thouſand ruſhing wiugs blew ſwift
Athwart my face—ah me! what grieſly forms
Float in the air—ſee, ſee, they horrid ſmile
And mocking point at me—ſpeak, ſpeak, who are ye?

[*A voice from the air.*

Thanks to her who gave us birth
Eager ſailing to the earth,
We haſte to act the deeds of woe
And prey on all that breathes below.

PANDORA.

Ah me! who are ye? wretched, wretched woman!

[*The voice continues.*

Bloody Strife, gnd gnawing Care,
Pride and Hatred and Deſpair
Hover o'er thee in the air,
We haſte to act the deeds of woe
And prey on all that breathes below.

PANDORA.

What have I done?—huſh, huſh, a ſofter ſound!

[*Another voice from the air.*

Hear, thou luckleſs maiden, hear,
Ceaſe thy ſorrow, ceaſe thy fear,
Tho' yon grim troop on mortal ſhore
Haſte the tide of grief to pour,
Hope ſhall join the gloomy throng,
Hope ſhall breathe her ſoothing ſong,
And bending o'er the wounded heart
Gently ſteal the poiſon'd dart,
Hope ſhall bid the tempeſt ceaſe
And whiſper future hours of peace.

ODE TO NIGHT.

HITHER, O queen of ſilence, turn the ſteeds
The ſlow-pac'd ſteeds which draw thy ebon car,
And heave athwart the ſky
Thy ſtarry-ſtudded veil,

Come not with all thy horrors clad, thy heaps
Of threat'ning pitchy clouds, thy waſteful blaſts
Which howling o'er the deep,
High ſwell the boiſterous ſurge.

Far be the fearful forms which round thee float!
The owl ſhrill-ſhrieking, and the flitting bat,
And every ghaſtly ſhape
That frightened fancy ſpies!

But

But come with peaceful ſtep, while o'er the land,
Parch'd by the ſultry ſun, thy coolneſs breathes,
And ſummer miſts are ſhed
Upon the withering herb.

Let all be ſtill—ſave the ſweet note of her
Who warbles to thy ſteps, and the faint ſound
Of yon tall trees that bend
Before thy ſwelling breeze.

Or from the diſtant mountain, whoſe huge crags
Are pil'd to heaven, let echo feebly ſend
The falling waters roar
Acroſs the wide-ſpread lake.

Then will I haſten to the firm-built tower,
And climb its winding ſteps, and from the top
Gaze with a deep delight
On heaven's bright burning fires;

While from the northern verge of ether ſhoot
The flickering tides of ever changing light,

Now

Now rolling yellow ſtreams,
Now ting'd with glary red;

Pleas'd will I trace the meteor of the vale,
Which ſmoothly ſliding thro' its ſhining path
Sinks in its ſwampy bed,
And dims its fires in miſt:

Deſcending 'midſt the fields below I'll ſtray,
Where on the graſs the quiet herds are ſtretch'd,
Mixing their fragrant breath
With freſhen'd ſcents of flowers,

Or loitering on the brim of ocean, mark
The pale beams dancing on its curled waves,
While from the gleamy eaſt
The moon begins her courſe;

Then ſlowly wandering to my peaceful home;
I'll ſeek my ſilent couch, and floating dreams
Shall feaſt my charmed ſoul
With airy ſcenes of bliſs—

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM

ON A SWALLOW BEARING A GRASHOPPER TO HER YOUNG.*

AH, Attic maid, who from the ſcented flower
Drink'ſt honied juice! ah, minſtrel! doſt thou bear
To feaſt the callow younglings of thy bower
The briſk and gaily-chirping graſshopper?

What? ſhall the ſongſter ſeize a vocal prey?
The winged ſeek the winged for her food?
The ſtranger ſnatch her fellow-gueſt away?
The child of ſummer tear the ſummer-brood?

Do'ſt thou not drop him?—oh, 'tis cruel, baſe,
When poets ſuffer by the poet-race.

* Tranſlated from the Greek.

A WAR-SONG

A WAR-SONG*.

Fingal, ſurrounded by a numerous army of the enemy in a valley from which he had no proſpect of eſcape, unexpectedly perceived on the tops of the mountains the troops of his friends advancing to his relief: at this period the ſong begins.

HIGH o'er the hills the banners wave in air;
A band of heroes ſtalk in armed pride;
With Erin's gold the ſhining ſtreamers glare;
Revenge, revenge, the ſtarting Fingal cried,

* From the Gaelic.

Lo!

Lo! their glittering flags I ſpy
The dark-hair'd ſons of victory;
Now the boaſter's pride is low—
Deeply ſtrike th' avenging blow.

'Tis Dermod's colt!—he breathes diſmay,
Strong-arm'd warriors, feaſt no more—
Dermod's banners foremoſt play
When the ſtreams of battle roar;
Now the boaſter's pride is low—
Deeply ſtrike th' avenging blow.

See!—the gore-ſtain'd eagle roſe,
Fierce the hoſt that Chialt leads,
Scattering heads of flying foes,
Bloody thro' the fight he ſpeeds;
Now the boaſter's pride is low—
Deeply ſtrike th' avenging blow.

Who

Who is next?—the dark-brow'd king
Drifting heaper of the ſlain,
When the thick'ning weapons ring,
Laſt ſhall Oſcar's hand refrain;
Now the boaſter's pride is low—
Deeply ſtrike th' avenging blow.

Lo! the ſon of Morni's near,
When the hoſts of fight are mix'd,
When the green earth quakes for fear,
Firm his nervous foot is fix'd;
Now the boaſter's pride is low—
Deeply ſtrike th' avenging blow.

Enough, enough, too much for thee,
On the dark-brown hills I ſee,
They come, they come, the warlike trains
Drag nine weighty golden chains,
Nine hundred heroes at their head—
I ſee the gazing foe a-dread.

Before the hiſſing ſpear they flee,
As wreck along the daſhing ſea;
Shouts of warriors rend the ſkies,
Battle ſmiles—ariſe, ariſe—
Now the boaſter's pride is low—
Deeply ſtrike the avenging blow.

TO CYNTHIA*.

HOW winning are thoſe pearly drops
Which pity bids to flow!
Soft o'er thy blooming cheeks they glide
And wet thy breaſt of ſnow.

'Tis thus along the ſcented vale
The lucid ſtreamlet goes,
And moiſtens with its glittering waves
The lily and the roſe.

And as when dews of eve deſcend
To cool the ſcorched bower,
Some joyful flutterer hovers round
And bathes him in the ſhower.

* This Ode is tranſlated from the Anthолog. Lond. 1684. p. 148.

So

So young Deſire amid thy tears
His ſilken pinions plies,
And ſhakes his torch with playful hand,
And brighter flames ariſe.

TO CYNTHIA.

WHAT tho' I'm told that Flora's face
Is fluſh'd with freſher tints than thine,
That Chloe moves with nobler grace,
That Laura's lightnings brighter ſhine;

What tho' I'm told Zelinda's breaſt
Is whiter than the mountain-ſnows,
That Fulvia's lips in dimples dreſt
Are ſweeter than the ſummer-roſe;

For ever hanging on thy ſmile,
To others' charms my ſoul is blind,
What perfect form can him beguile,
Who doats upon thy perfect mind?

TO CYNTHIA.

AH! fly not, fly not, nymph belov'd,
And ſhun theſe gazing eyes!
Ah! can'ſt thou ſee, and ſee unmov'd,
The ſtarting tear ariſe?

Shall not the deep-drawn ſighs avail
With which this boſom ſwells?
Wilt thou not hear the faltering tale
That trembling paſſion tells?

Think not that av'rice moves my breaſt
To woo thy golden ſtores,
Think not thy rank in ſplendour dreſt
Is what this heart adores.

I ſcorn

I ſcorn thy wealth, I ſcorn thy ſtate,
Nor prize the boaſting vain,
To ſnatch thee from the man I hate,
A gayer richer ſwain;

Theſe, theſe are joys of feeble power—
Be Cynthia mine, I aſk no more.

INVITATION

INVITATION TO ——.

A FRAGMENT.

HASTE to thy friend, and from the mountain-brow,
High-over-arching Cromer's pebbled ſhore,
Trace Ocean's varying hues, and view the ſhades
That chace each other o'er his dark-green breaſt
In quick ſucceſſion, floating with the clouds
Which caſt the moving darkneſs; then deſcend,
And baſk thee on the ſands reflecting round
Their grateful warmth.—Or watch the ghaſtly gloom
Of gathering ſtorms that heave athwart the ſky
Their widening night, while hollow-whiſtling winds
Now ſwell, now ſink, and rolls the blacken'd ſea

His hoarſer ſurge—or heed the rippling ſhowers
Which rattle o'er the deep, while airy forms
Build on its waves the glittering bow of heaven;
And when behind yon wood-girt hills, the ſun
Has quench'd his fires, the ſea-born flames ſhall
flaſh,
Glide thro' the wave and ſparkle on the ſtrand.
If theſe delight not, catch the purple beams
Of ſun-riſe, tinging wide the miſt of morn,
And melting it to air—then bruſh acroſs
The flower ſpeck'd mead, and mark its native
blooms,
And glowing tints freſh-painted with the dew,
While from the graſs the full-ey'd ſtately ſteers
Slow-ſtretching riſe, and ſcan with fixed look
Thy ſtranger-form, and breathe their balmy
ſteam.
Or ſeek the briſtly corn-field, jocund there,
The low-bent mowers ply the hiſſing ſcythe
In cadence not unpleaſing, with their taſk
The tale, the laugh is mix'd; and bend thy ſteps
To yon fleet brook, amid whoſe ſhining waves

The

The countleſs ſhoals wheel ſwift, upturning oft
Their poliſh'd ſides, and dart the flickering gleam
Of ſilver light—When evening gently dims
With ſofteſt ſhades the glary light of day,
When dark clouds, gold-tipt, croſs the crimſon
ſky,
And rear in air an awful radiant throne
For ſhapes unſeen, and thro' the reeking vale
The calm deep flood of yellow light is pour'd,
Then penſive wander to the twilight ſtill
Of Felbrig's oaks, for there thy mind ſhall feed
On heaven-born thought——

ODE TO A FLY.

GAY child of ſummer, who on burniſh'd wings
Unceaſing ply'ſt thy briſk and mazy flight,
Taſting with rapture all that Nature flings
Profuſely round—ſtill courting new delight,

Come, in thine airy dance, and freely ſip
The clear juice ſparkling to my thirſty lip,
And wheeling ſportive o'er my tempting board,
Cull the red nectarine for thy luſcious meal,
Or from the peach its pulp of fragrance ſteal,
And calmly rifle autumn's choiceſt hoard.

Then

Then buzzing haſte thee to the ſunny field,
Or drink the perfume that the moorlands yield,
Or ſwiftly to ſome flowery vale repair,
There jocund float adown the dimpling ſtream,
And meet thy breth'ren in the ſetting beam,
And bathe thy ebon ſides in purple air.

While thoughtleſs ſailing on the ſcented gale,
Beware yon ſlimy threads, the woof of death,
The ſpeckled ſpider will empierce thy mail,
And quench thy ſpirit with his tainted breath.

Oh! may no tempeſt ſhade thy mirthful day,
Nor glue thoſe filmy wings with whelming rain!
Oh! may no feather'd foe moleſt thy way,
And fluttering bear thee to his infant train!

May no fierce inmate of the curled brook,
While o'er his head thou ſpeed'ſt thy circling flight,
Snatch thee unheeding to his watery nook,
And ruthleſs force thee from the cheerful light.

Long,

Long, long may ſummer lengthen out thy year,
And ſpare a life ſo bright with varied joy,
A little life which glides uncheck'd by fear,
Tho' chilling winter hovers to deſtroy.

How different man—he forms the lowering cloud
Of gloomy care his happier hours to ſhroud,
Fixing on doubtful ill his reſtleſs eye,
How wiſer far, like thee, with gladſome heart
To catch the tranſports Nature's gifts impart
And to her bounty truſt futurity.

ODE.

ODE*.

FLUSH'D with blooming beauty's pride,
Fly not, fly not, lovely maid,
The waving ſilver of my head,
No more my gentle vows deride.

Mark how pleaſing to the ſight
The checker'd chaplet on my brow!
Mark how the bluſhing roſes glow,
Twin'd with the lily's gliſtening white!

* From Anacreon.

SONNET.

SONNET.

IN vain doth Grandeur trick'd in gorgeous pall,
Stalk ſtately by, and point to glittering joys,
In vain doth Mammon ſpread his gilded toys,
To lure a careleſs wight to bitter thrall,
In vain doth loudly-laughing Pleaſure call
To looſe delights and days of mirthful noiſe,
Hence, hated fiends—Me gentle Peace accoys,
Her cup is heavenly ſweet undaſh'd with gall,
Ybleſt in her with ſlow and ſecret tread
I wander loitering in the arched grove,
Fancy's gay dreams aye dancing round my head,
There jolly elves at midnight nimbly move
Their dainty feet, and ſhades of mighty dead
Glide pale athwart my path. Such ſcenes the
Muſes love.

SONNET.

SONNET.

AH, wretched wight! whom Fame ſhall tempt to leave
The ſoft and ſilent valley of Repoſe,
And with her deeply-ſtirring voice deceive
To deeds of thankleſs toil and weary woes;
Ah, wretched wight! who ſtays ne to perceive
The thorns that threat'ning gird the peerleſs roſe,
But hopes unharm'd he may a wreath receive
Of deathleſs flowerets to bedeck his brows—
Look up!—afore the beamy towers of Fame
What fell and ghaſtly fiends for ever wait,
Envy, whoſe baleful vipers none can tame,
And Diſappointment of ſlow ſullen gait,
And with her eyes abaſh'd heart-damping Shame;
Fly, fly to fair Repoſe, nor ſcorn ſo ſweet a mate.

Corrigenda & Addenda.

PREFACE—For *Sktchees* read *Sketches.*

P. 19.—NOTE—Inſert after the words "*Mythological perſon*"—

It is ſomewhat remarkable that neither Tacitus nor Pliny ſhould have mentioned the name of Odin; and we might rather be induced to ſuppoſe, from this omiſſion, that he muſt have flouriſhed after their time; this hypotheſis indeed will be abundantly eſtabliſhed if we may rely upon the Saxon Chronicle, as in the Genealogy of Kings (in that work) Odin is placed about 70 years before Alaric; I confeſs however that it appears to me highly improbable that Odin, the introducer of the Gothic Mythology, ſhould not have lived before the fourth century, and I ſhould rather be inclined to believe that the Odin mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle was ſome Gothic King who had aſſumed that formidable name.

P. 59.—NOTE—For *Keyſter* read *Keyſler.*

P. 110.—NOTE—Inſert after the words "*repeopled the globe*"—

Reſpecting the *Route* of the Celts into Europe I have little to offer but conjectures; poſſibly however the following remarks may not be deemed totally unworthy of attention. We are unable to trace any of the Celtic tribes farther Eaſtward than to the ſhores of the Euxine; there dwelt the Cimmerii, or Cymbri, (doubtleſs a Celtic

people) who extended to the Cimmerian Boſphorus; a part of theſe hordes appear to have croſt the North of Europe, to have reached the *Eaſtern ſhore of the Baltic*, where they are mentioned as reſiding by Pliny, and thence to have ſpread themſelves, ſtill retaining the name of Cymbri, thro' a great part of *Germany* and *Britain*. Another wave of people however ariſing from the ſame ſource, will appear I think from a conſideration of the following facts to have paſt into Europe in a more *Southern direction*. Strabo informs us that ſeveral Celtic tribes were to be found in *Phrygia;* and the *Galatians*, to whom St. Paul addreſſes an Epiſtle, were a clan of the ſame nation; theſe latter indeed, as well as the Tectosages, (one of the tribes alluded to above) are *ſuppoſed*, to have paſt *from Europe* into the territory which they occupied in Aſia; but as Strabo confeſſes that he is unable to diſcover the origin of the *other* Celtic inhabitants of Phrygia, it is highly probable that *all* the clans of this people who inhabited Aſia Minor were the poſterity of a party of Celts who had ſettled in that country when migrating from a more Eaſtern ſituation. Another tribe of the ſame people reſident in *Thrace and Illyria* were attacked and defeated by Bærebiſtes. In the time of Alexander the Great a horde of Celts ſtill inhabited the coaſt of the *Adriatic;* the colony thus ſituated might probably have been founded by a few adventurers who had withdrawn themſelves, on their route, from ſome large maſs of their countrymen, while the main body itſelf, or rather perhaps ſucceſſive bands of migrating Celts, appear to have preſt forward from the ſhores above mentioned to the Weſt, and to have gradually poſſeſt themſelves of a conſiderable portion of *Italy* and *Gaul*; theſe men or their

their defcendants at length eſtabliſhed themſelves at the foot of the *Pyrenees*, and finally over-ran (under the name of Celtiberians) an extenſive diſtrict in *Spain*.

Proofs of the facts aboveſtated will be found in Plinii Hiſt. Nat. Lib. VI. 13. Macknight on the Epiſtles Vol. II. p. 105, &c. Strabo Lib. III. IV. et VII. Arrian de Expedit. Alexand. Lib. I. Herodot. Lib. II. et IV. Ariſtot. de gen. animal. Lib. II. 8. Cæſar de Bell. Gallic. Lib. I. et Livii Hiſt. Lib. 21.

P. 111.—NOTE—For *Huzzuz* read *Hizzuz*.

P. 117.—NOTE—After Ἀνδρασθένη inſert a comma, and after *Selden*, *&c.* inſert Euſebii Præparat. Evangelic. Lib. I.

P. 133.—NOTE—After *Herodian*, *Lib.* 8. inſert—On le voit (Bel) comme nom du Soleil ſur les Medailles Pheniciennes de Cadiz et de pluſieurs autres villes d'Eſpagne.

Monde primitif de Court de Gebelin, Vol. 4.

P. 134.—NOTE—For *Tauton* throughout read *Taauton*; and after *Sanchoniathon* inſert—See Euſebii Præparat. Evangelic. Lib. I.

P. 136.—NOTE—Inſert as an additional note to the words "*unhewn altar*"—

I am fully perſuaded that many more traces of theſe gigantic Cromlechs and Druidical Circles than we are yet acquainted with, might eaſily be diſcovered by an active curioſity,

curiosity, in all those parts of Europe into which the Celtic Religion had extended itself. The stones mentioned by Strabo as situated on the ἱερον ακρωτηριον of Spain (now Cape St. Vincent) were evidently the remains of some kind of Druidical circle, he says of them, λιθους συγκεισθαι τρεις η τετ∫αρας κατα πολλους τοπους, ους απο των αφικνουμενων στρεφεσθαι κατα τι πατριον—θυειν δε ουκ ειναι νομιμον, ουδε νυκτωρ επιβαινειν τε τοπε, θεους φασκοντων κατεχειν αυτον εν τω τοτε χρονω. Libi III.

The Druidical circles were of various kinds and destined to different uses; besides the ruder stones of memorial erected by the Druids, some of their more regular circles appear to have been constructed for astronomical purposes, others were used as Courts of Justice, and a third kind was dedicated to the celebration of their religious rites.

See King's Muniment. Antiq. Vol. I. p. 137 to 155.

P. 137.—NOTE—For *terra* read *terræ*.

P. 184—L. 8—For *new* read *knew*.

P. 188.—L. 7—For *corn* read *scorn*.

FINIS.

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